

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE





Volume 2
Number 16

1318 35th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20007



(202)965-9650

WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about, or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

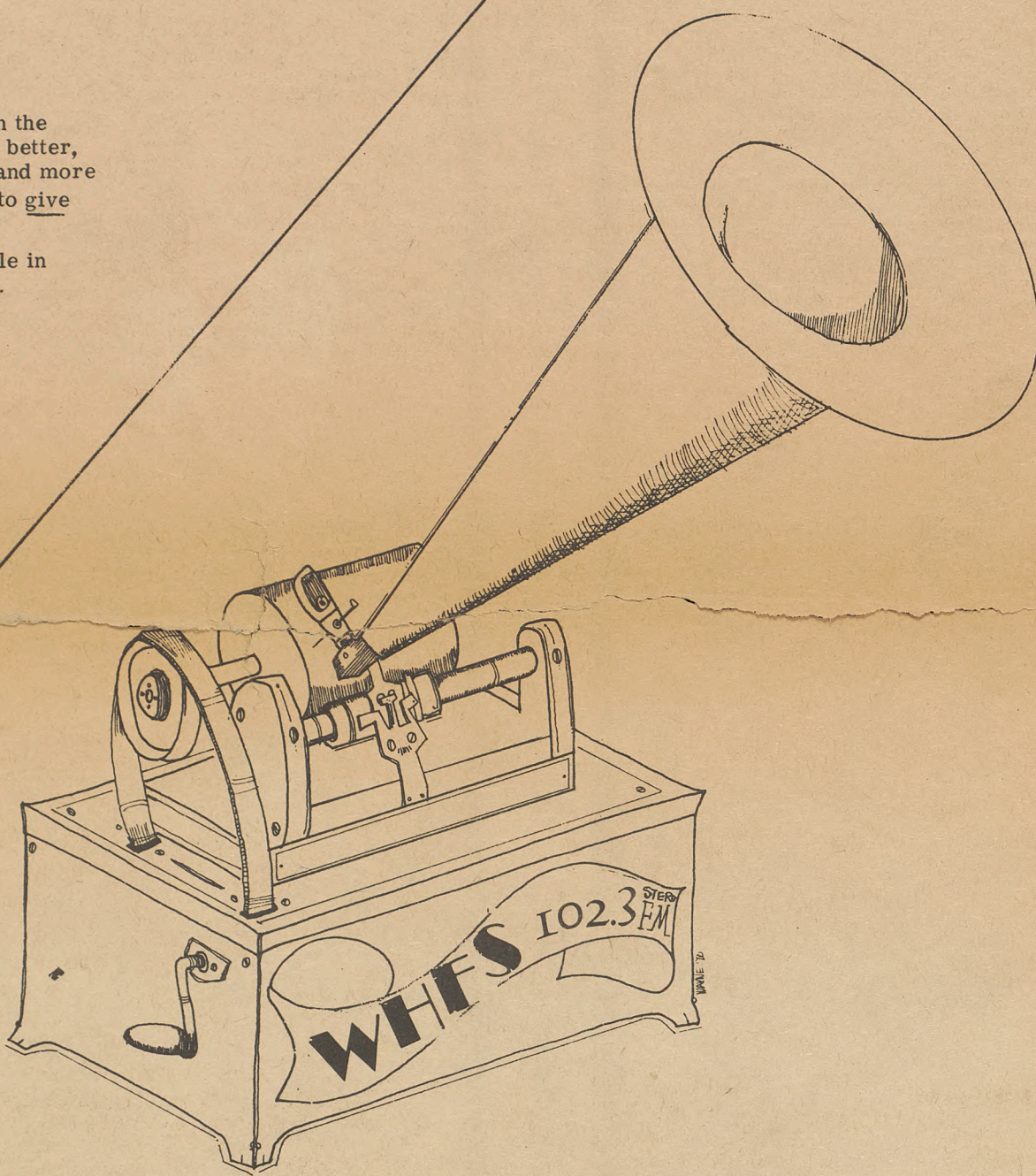
We are looking for a large house, preferably in the Dupont Circle area. The larger the house, the better, as we wish to set up more than just an office, and more than just a family-commune. If anyone wants to give us a house, that would be even better.

If you know of a house that becomes available in either June or July, please call us at 965-9650.

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The centerfold is by Ascian, of the Workshop

The cover is by Razzle Dazzle



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AND THE SWEETER PEOPLE

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MAYDAY: REVIEW paul jones

"Well, Martha, this is better than Living Theater." "Oh Harry, how cute, a man in uniform pinched me (this is called the goose step in elementary tactics)." "Now. Now. What is that? You tell me. What is that? Oh. I know. It's a symbol. Yeah, a symbol. What's it mean, huh?" "This is a police line, I dare yuh to cross it, I dare you (scuffing a wavy line in the grass with his bare toe)." "Oh, then I dare ya to cross this line, and then this one, and this... (fades off into the distance finally inundated by the rumble of...) "We all studied under Graham and Ballanchine for this, ain't it nice, got all our clubs in line, swing this way, swing that, they all godda go down, damn good theater, huh, ketchup capsules and all, a real gas..."

"Free thyself from the pairs of opposites--the changeful things of finite life; and careless about the same dwelleth thou in the consciousness of the real self. Be free from worldly anxiety, and the fierce cravings for material possessions. Be self-centered and uncontrolled by the illusions of the finite world."

Krishna to Arjuna, Bhagavad Gita

Some say: "Art is not part of the revolution." Some say: "Art is the revolution." Some don't say at all; and it might be possible to say nothing at all, to avoid using whatever rhetoric is at hand, radical, liberal, beaurocratese; or is it possible to say nothing at all? Pairs of opposites rule most of the language, from the most extreme, black and white, to the most subtle, "I like it"/"I don't like it." The finite world is expressed in language, is made finite by language more than anything else. Opposition in action usually results from opposition in language or in attitudes expressed in words. So I must choose my words very carefully. Very.

How many people today are thinking, asking themselves whether what they did during the Mayday week was the right thing to do? What they did do or what they didn't do? There is an awful lot of righteousness floating around waiting to be grabbed up and be garlanded by hangers-on to any band wagon, but not much fulsomeness. I have the feeling that if anyone is asking himself that question, it is the group of people who are used to considering their actions, judging them, adjusting them to fit new facts, facts which include striking visual impressions, or pure physical brutality, or the wasting of total spirit through violence. I don't have any real idea what art does here. I'm not sure that art really does have a place in this world.



In ruins,
symbol in fact,
tatters and glory like a flag
(that still abstract)
actions carry to gradual making:
into mystification,
the limp body of physical nonchalance,
the seething one mind of determination;
young girls cry at the ripping of their privacy
in search and the attempt to destroy
affinity.
These children, oh god, god,
these children move in natural rhythms,
to the music of their sphere and
the deep green forest of their cry.

"Wow, (says the director) we got almost all of the audience into the one."



Art, and artists, and artisans, and craftspeople have usually had the market on the creation of symbols for virtually everything basic, in government, in religion, and except for a few miracles which stand for themselves without any further abstraction, e.g. Kent, Woodstock, the virgin birth, art has been the source for the basic transmission of myth, of the underpinning. Yet this seems to be a time where the images and symbols that art can make are ignored and themselves impervious to action; there is a subtle intellectualization happening, a falling back on the fantasy of the individual mind; there are no Guernicas, maybe gladly, and in words, mostly rhetoric, phrases, catchwords, passwords; art is not unneeded, just slower than most revolutions, especially bloody ones. It is impossible to be silent, for silence signifies inaction somehow, and inaction is "against us, not with us."

But here is the opposition which no-one can confront well yet: Mayday was a kind of action, very clearly so; yet conceptualizing a poem, or a picture, or a film, or even doing all of these things is action too, on a fundamental level. How much of an obligation is there for these two types of actions to coincide in fact? Is it possible that praising love, the sea, or drawing and filming the human body is just as revolutionary as an act of civil disobedience?

Obviously the risks aren't as great in art; it is unusual for someone to be arrested for writing: Ferlinghetti writes *Tyrannus Nix*, and David Hilliard is arrested for threatening the life of the president in front of 250 thousand people. But there it is: everything of this nature, whether it can properly be called "action" by anyone needing to be this picky, everything like this is a threat to what exists now. Art has the fortunate quality of being neutral in terms of the physical opposition of construction/destruction. Overt action on the street doesn't. Art is asocial to this extent, that it doesn't give a good goddam about its milieu, both conceptually and in the act. There is something of a non-human drive to it. That type of drive exists also in the most dedicated radicals or movement people.

Perhaps everything can be art, or an art; still, there are crazies and there are crazies. We're all created crazy, just some more than others.



Several issues ago, WOODWIND published a series of photographs by Bob Stark, of two dancers, naked, in various stages of movements. One photo constituted a centerfold, whose caption stated that "Beauty aims at neither truth nor morals." The letter reprinted below was written as a reaction to that caption, and while, we feel that perhaps the caption was misunderstood (something that is all too easy to have happen), the letter makes so many good points that it is valid in its own right. Therefore we reprint it, and hope that our original choice of words may become better understood through this discussion.

BEAUTY = TRUTH = MORALS

obescience to all holy gurus
i am a humble brother in the Great Family of Humanity.
i am a unit of light, a unit of mind, a unit within the all.
i realize:

there has never been a severance
of the units from the source-of-all.
all is one. separation lies in thought.

BEAUTY = TRUTH = MORALS = LOVE = ENLIGHTENED EGALITARIAN
WORLD SOCIETY

it is unfortunate that the western thinkers separated beauty from truth and morals, as in Woodwind's last centerfold. perhaps it is time to investigate and practice the way of those who found how to concretely harmonize all such concepts into all-abiding and all-pervasive peace, love, joy, and equality (the four holy states of buddhism).

first, words are only signposts and guides to the mind's self-realization of truth. therefore, these words are meaningless and useless, unless integrated into all spheres and activities of existence. the word wisdom could be translated into the act of love beyond words. or the word 'love' might be translated into a slap in the face of an hysterical woman or man who needed such a slap to return to reality. words of wisdom are infinite truth sources if one devotes energy into translating them into all spheres of existence. that is the real power of words.

now, "Beauty aims at neither truth nor morals" can be a very dangerous conception to one's peace of mind. easily, it leads to conceptions of elitism, beautiful and ugly, good and bad, artful and non-artful, and perhaps one of the greatest enemies of harmonious life and reality, unfounded criticism and judgement.

how?

by working the law of opposites. (or dualities). to say, "this is beauty but that is ugly" is to act like a vindictive angry god. who is anyone to condemn anything as ugly or "not artistic"? if one believes in a dualistic system of thought where one fluctuates from good and bad, happiness and sorrow, beautiful and ugly, moral and immoral, one is subjected to the pain of bouncing from good experience to bad experience. who needs it?

this is the law of opposites. one would strive for beauty and in so striving achieve ugliness. why? because in the mind, the person has created the categories of beautiful and ugly and is beginning to judge reality according to such conceptions. if the mind did not have 'ugly' as a conception, all reality would be perceived as beautiful. this is one essence of all esoteric and mystic doctrines, an absolutely required realization before the pure light can be seen. also, this lack of ugliness or evil in the mind characterizes the essence of the hopi indian way of life, which in its purity, does not even have words to describe evil or sin.

how does this relate to art and artists? it transcends the artist and art beyond their autistic egos and discriminations to a reality which has always existed, and is in all aspects joyful, peaceful, loving, and equal. every perception, sensation, thought, all human input and output attains the ecstasy of artistic perfection.

to reach eternal perfection and peace, cleanse your mind of all discriminations by not being an artist. one can create the eternal art and become the infinite artist capable of manifesting love (art) in all forms and formless.

to a pure person who abides in peace, not creating distinctions, standards, or moral codes, but pure of body
pure of heart
pure of mind

BEAUTY = TRUTH = MORALS
ALL WAYS
AUM

there are many ways to attain a free state of mind. i heartily recommend the practice of yoga and buddhism to start your journey to inward realization of the pure light - seek selflessly and you will find truth.

NEWSREEL

To contact Newsreel DC call our number, 833-3775, and leave your name and where you can be reached, also your message if you want. A Newsreel person will call back.

We have a projector and several Newsreel films (on women, Indochina, the US movement.) If you request films we don't have, we can get them. Catalogues available if you leave a request at the telephone #.

Use Newsreel films for education and as basis for group discussions.

We need opportunities to show the films and to make a little bread so we can expand our film collection for free showings.

THE STREET GALLERY !

THE STREET GALLERY is located in the Diplomat Parking Lot at 1720 Connecticut Avenue, NW, between R and S Streets. It is open every Sunday. All artists and craftsmen/women are welcome to participate. There is a one-dollar registration fee for artists who wish to show their work (to help cover costs of cleaning up and maintaining the lot). The purpose of the GALLERY is to promote local artists/craftspeople. The GALLERY is open free to the public. It runs from 10 in the morning till dark. It is being sponsored jointly by WOODWIND and the In-Towner. For more information, call 965-9650.



William C. Woods

Almost from the beginning, Sam Crystal had organized his life around a hatred of it, but a pale hatred: person, persona, employment. He was a slight man. He had no wife, hence---in his case hence---no children. Three years ago, he left his large apartment for a very small house, too close to the city to be quite suburban. He kept a disorderly garden in garden weather, and he bowled year round, sometimes alone, always duckpins.

He was thirty-eight. He had several rather older lady-friends, and three much younger. They were friends too. He had a cancerous imagination when it came to amusing women---the zoo was a favorite, and his companion never escaped without a pink balloon stuffed with helium, stretched like some silly thumb on the end of its string in vain search for the stars the daytime hid.

In the summers he vacationed alone, alternating for the good of his health between a motel room facing (at a two-block remove) flat khaki sands and a slow blue ocean, and a motel room brushed by pine needles, cold in the high clear air. These summers would bring out a moustache, once even a shy goatee: freedom hatched his facial hair. When he returned to the city in September, the coarse clean growth would be the color of the autumn leaves. It fell when they did.

He was a Certified Public Accountant. He worked rather long hours for a reasonable pay that permitted him, a bachelor, his few indulgences aimed at the deliniation of a style. They were the usual small sad vanities of such a man: some inferior bits of pornography whose presence between binders allowed him to think of them as a "collection"; an orange Italian toothpaste from a New York drugstore as the only possible defense against the almost-expensive cigars from a Philadelphia shop. When he liked, he had a vast relish tray with his dinner, and when he ate downtown after work---as sometimes he did when the thought of his kitchen angered him---he drank a brandy afterwards, and three Black Russians before.

These princely ways and things stood at one end of a private balance. At the other was his cheerless self-control, his things denied. Some nuns whip themselves, or at least they used to; Sam Crystal gave top-heavy bundles of money to charity and church at difficult times. He drove an old and stupid-looking car, and he bought his clothes off the rack at one of those men's stores that sell too many perfumes. All his shirts were white, his suits were dark pastels, and he wore the kind of ties a weary mother chooses for a graduating child.

His house he dressed as he dressed himself. His garden was a common mess. He didn't like it, and it had weeds.

On Sundays, like as not, he went to church. In the evenings, in rather the same way, he watched television; which does not mean that his religion was frivolous, but rather that his viewing was devout.

Now, it is possible, in any big American city, to watch television most of the night, and Sam Crystal characteristically took advantage of this privilege. His dog, whose name was Sutton, watched with him, huddled in a toad-colored heap by his master's green corduroy armchair, eyes blind with the flavor of the tube.

On one such night, deep in the season of dark fall, this not uncommon pair were comfortably together before the television screen watching the weather man confirm with charts and numbers the presence of the rain they could hear thrashing at the windows.

It was Friday night, and the accountant was in a Friday night mood. He had had five beers with a friend after work, and even talked about their war (to which he had obediently gone, and through which he had soundlessly passed, the clatter of his typewriter swallowing the hollow ancient thunder of the guns); he had talked to a girl for twenty minutes on the telephone, and made her laugh hard, twice; he was holding a good cigar under his nose; and, when the news was over, there was a fine old movie forthcoming. Beyond that, there was the warm knowledge that he would sleep very late in the morning. It would be afternoon before he dragged a watering can over his loud and tired garden, to solace the few hardy gray blooms that still fought for life at winter's edge. Beside him on the floor, the dog murmured, a caricature: on the screen, a cat was chewing at a dish of strongly recommended cat food. Sam Crystal laughed and popped a match against its booklet. The room went briefly yellow and the box went back to the news. A minute later, his contentment was ended. The screen had offered him an old friend.

It was the end of the cast, a footnote to the weather, the human interest story of the day. The announcer's voice had shifted gears, irony to full respect. The lumps of news were gone, the brush wars, the trivial train tragedy, the damp clatter of changing money and governmental prose, ours and theirs. The frozen face, a little blurred on the slide, was that of Paul Maddox, a high school friend, grinning at Sam from the silver square of the evening's immortality.

He would have done well to miss this program. It is an intolerable thing to see a man perhaps your inferior being made vagrantly famous as you watch. The mobile face of the commentator had returned to the screen, his gray lips striking off each word like a medal freshly minted.

Paul Maddox had done something extraordinary, and it was being talked about on television.

The accountant disposed of his withered match and put down the cigar. Should he call Paul? Or was this too big a thing, so that calling would be like congratulating the bride or applauding a sermon? He kicked at the volume control, which lay within reach of his slipped left foot, and the set went off, a pool of light falling mysteriously into its own center until its face fed darkness to the room.

The dog scuffled with himself and courted sleep. The rain continued to drive across the windows. Still in darkness, Sam moistened his cigar and carefully sent a match touring across its wide green face. Now he turned on a soft yellow light by the table so he could see the smoke.

Aloud: "God damn it."

Few lives are strangers to such moments. No great imagination is required. One lives, one collects a little secret pool of discontent, and every now and then, some chance comes by and bursts it, the way one final twist of tasty fingernail can pop an appendix. But Sam had been collecting his poison for far too long.

An old story. Knowledge, love, and luck had dwelled forever elsewhere. The history of his days, molded and even at best, went soft and gray, and the day, this day, lost all its promise, all its gentle gloss: why not? There is nothing like the heroism of a friend to remind us how bored we are, for one heroic act, after all, can carry the energy of fifty years of successful quiet living.



No discredit to Sam that he was buffeted by what was happening to him. Maybe he had too little imagination, but then people who pride themselves overly on their imagination and their sensitivity are generally only a different order of pig---they gild their dreams while their fellows inhabit their nightmares. So it is proper that what he was enduring seemed to him unique, a new suffering. And it may be that it was a new suffering, or at least a truly contemporary one, for Sam had just been told by his television set that he was unfulfilled.

"Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn," he said aloud, "I've grown accustomed to having the body of a ninety-pound weakling." And that was wit; like most men whose anemia is of the soul, he was at his small best at night, alone. He pulled the newspaper off the end table into his lap and stared dully at it. "I," he announced, and a dry sudden tear may have torn at his right eyelid, "have got promises those bastards never even asked for."

There was some eloquence in that obsessive sorrow. "Behold me," he said to Sutton, treading on the dog's tail to awaken his attention, "fencer, flyer, musician, poet, scholar, soldier, and what you care to name. Even a great dog. Damn it." He had never been happy before, but that did not hamper his assurance that he would never be happy again.

The readable print of a feature column in the newspaper on his lap awoke his dull eye, and he lifted the paper slightly.

Renaud Levin, a Parisian businessman on his vacation didn't exactly break the bank at Monte Carlo yesterday, but he came closer than anyone has in recent years. The triumph of this non-professional, who modestly says that he gets regularly taken to the cleaners by his card circle at home, provoked awe all through the gambling colony. Asked his secret, M. Levin gravely announced that he had sold his soul to the devil for his victory.

"---and got the best of the deal!" The paper shrivelled in its readers hands. He put the wad of it carefully on the end table and drew evenly at his big cigar. Somehow he felt calmer. He had begun to spiral back into the daily hopelessness that fitted him so neatly he could not tell it from contentment, and the familiar circles of his old daily mind were a refuge from the strange rage that had caught him up, a refuge that almost held him in again. But his mind was relentlessly swarming with false and impossible memories, and Sam Crystal, C. P. A. wanted the history they spoke of.

"I was not born," he said aloud, but no longer to the dog, who had nevertheless passed over sleep and was eyeing his master, "to add up the little rows of figures. And I would most certainly sell my soul to the devil, and welcome, if only I could be what I was to have become: fencer, flyer, musician, poet, soldier, scholar; or a big dog---but the best of them."

Now Sam was a regular consumer of some nebulous Protesant Denomination, and his words, as he realized he had spoken them aloud, gave him a start. He went so far as to consider, for a moment, voicing a retraction; but he was an equally regular consumer of bookclub sophistication, so he laughed instead. In fact, he began laughing freely, and in a moment felt much better. He put his damp cigar into the ashtray and stood by the window for a while, watching the rain.

(continues)

Thirty minutes later, passing up the Late Show, he had settled into bed. He was reading a huge, photograph-laden book, propped against knee-mounted quilt, and the air in his room was strange and heavy with cigar smoke. The jagged wail of the coo-coo clock echoed into the carpet-soaked silence. It was one minute after midnight, and there was a knock on the door.

"Christ," Sam Crystal mumbled, tangling briefly with the quilt and stumbling toward the hallway. "Coming!" It was probably his old Army buddy, drawing out an evening's drunk and rich for talk, but it might be an odd girl whom he had been pursuing, in his lusterless manner, for several months. He flipped on the outside light and shoved open the small heavy door, fumbling the while with the frayed knot of his bathrobe belt.

On the doorstep was a small slender man dressed in a cheap black suit, smoking a Camel. He was holding a rumpled raincoat in both arms against his belly, like a wrinkled plastic flag. His features were very regular, a little thin, and not attractive despite an even smile. "Good evening," the man said. He did not move forward, but something in his bearing seemed to guarantee that a moment more would transform him from a stranger to a guest.

"Yes? What is it?", Sam muttered, looking hard at the man---a look surprising in its audacity, for it came from one who had to stare at his shoes when dealing with clerks.

"Why, we're old friends, Mr. Crystal. May I come in?"

"I'm sorry, I don't.... School? Or the service?", Sam murmured; stepping back nevertheless with a vague and helpless gesture of welcome.

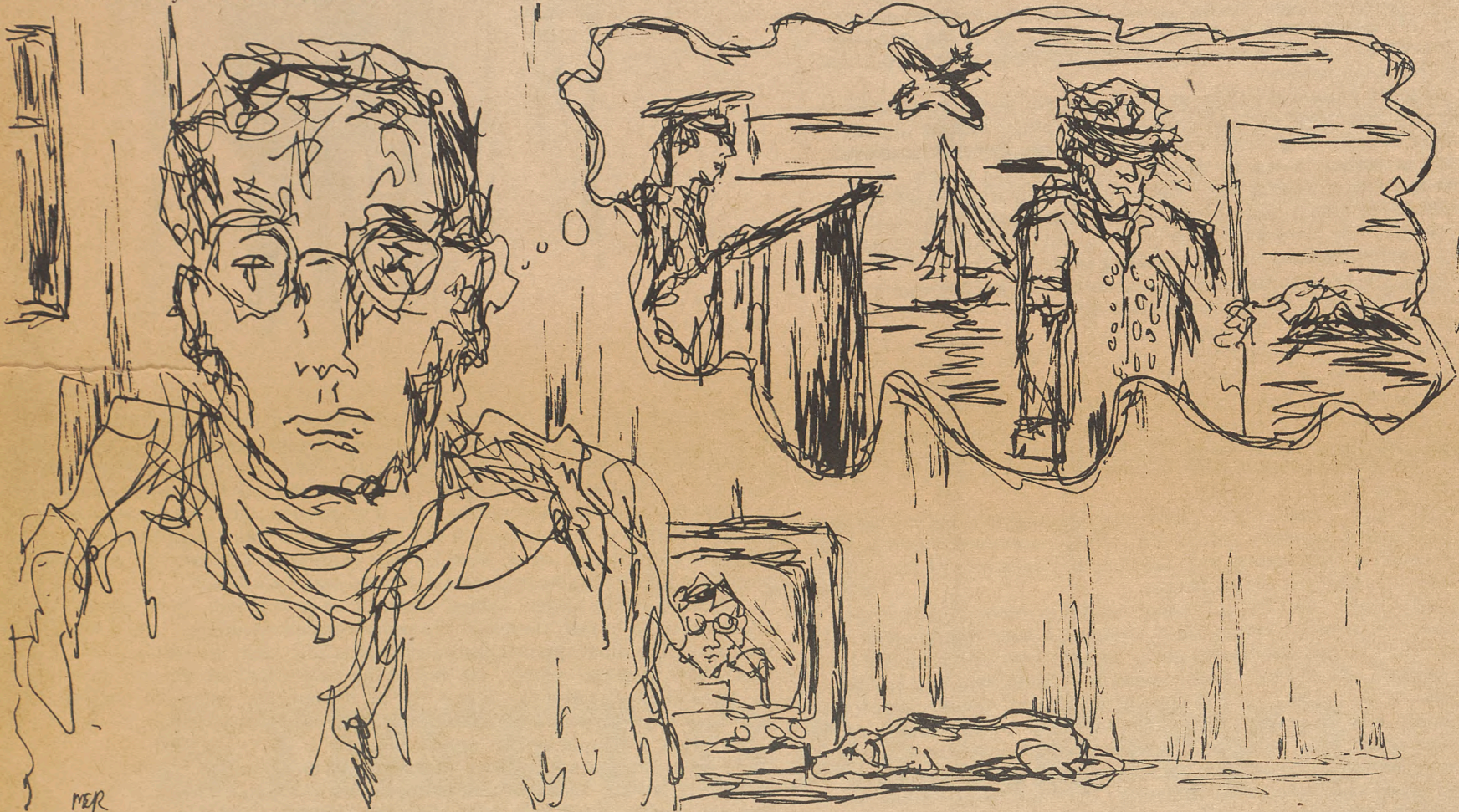
"No. Further back than that. Never mind, my dear fellow, you'll remember. But look, I got you up, didn't I?"

"Not really."

"But you were in bed," the stranger protested.

"Only just."

"I'm so sorry. I could come back."



"No, come into the living room," Sam heard himself saying as he followed the visitor toward the living room door. They in fact reached the door together, and the accountant was squeezing the mercury switch, when there was a movement through the open bedroom door down the hall, and Sutton, the dog, came in and then up off the floor at the stranger, moving at a speed his master would not have thought him capable of. It was a bad, frozen moment, but the man knocked the big dog away easily, with one arm, and seemed to speak as he did so, then stopped, and a light passed behind Sutton's eyes, and he went out of the room, lightly but without haste.

"I'm very sorry," the man said, "but he's not hurt. He'll be fine. Dogs often dislike me. At first."

"I'm sure," said his host. "would you like anything to drink?"

"Not a thing. I can't stay very long. I'm sure you realize this is primarily a business call, so you'll pardon my being abrupt."

They took chairs.

"May we go ahead, then?"

"I really don't know what to say," Sam offered, after a moment.

"This is not an everyday sort of thing."

The man chuckled easily. "My dear fellow, more common than you would think, by far. Name ten men you admire, and I will have put nine of them where they are. Name ten you envy, and I will have placed them all."

"I'm sure I must have used that phrase before, though I am a religious man," Sam complained, "so why now?"

"Two reasons," his guest returned promptly, "one: this time you meant it. Two: you asked for a grace large enough to excite me."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh, hell, Mr. Crystal, you have no idea how... how penny-ante most of the calls I get are. The ones that are even fractionally interesting want whole shivering empires of the mediocre, anything, absolutely anything, so long as their imaginations are murdered into the bargain. Often it's a woman, and there the ones I answer just want thirty minutes with her. Or money. I skip requests for all-the-money-in-the-world. Who can tie up funds like that? No, its needs like yours that wake me to flight: a religious man who wants to be the best of what he should have been before fact clobbered destiny."

"Not money?", Sam asked, interested despite himself, despite his fear.

"Not much of it. Do you know C. I. Lewis---no, it must be C. S. Lewis?"

"No".

"No matter. He somewhere defines a miracle as a 'supernatural interference with nature'. Not terribly profound, but eminently workable. And the Federal Reserve and the Swiss banks and all that are not part of nature, Darwin to the contrary notwithstanding. You remember the curious economic nature of his model in the Origin? And can you imagine what he wanted from me? He---but look, I'd talk your ear off if you'd let me. Say when you've heard enough."

"I've heard enough," Sam said. "I suppose I'm losing my mind, and the best thing to do is ignore you. Anyway, if I'm not losing it, I've changed it. So the end is the same. I'll say good night now."

"Yes, isn't it a good night?", said the stranger brightly, and the accountant's moment of incredible bravery was wasted and gone. The stranger fussed with his raincoat, which he had draped across his lap, and, after a moment, he drew from it a long stiff white paper, carefully folded. "Mr. Crystal," he said quietly, "there is no profit in any discussion. You can dismiss me with a wave of your hand, so long as that wave is as real as the voice that called me here."

"I know exactly what you require. You know what I demand. The terms are listed here in detail. It has my signature. It awaits yours. Affix it, and the thing is done."

"Will you sign?"

There was no hesitation. Sam, emptily, said, "Yes. Thank God, yes." He reached for a pen on the end table, but the stranger's hand stopped him. "That won't be necessary. I must ask you to use mine." He blushed slightly. "This is a... a medieval convention at best, but it seems to be irreplaceable. Will you excuse it?"

Sam sighed. He said, "I'm familiar with the literature." And, with his visitor's silver stylus, he punctured a twist of finger-flesh and drew off enough blood to letter the decade of his name.

Amusingly, it turned out that adding up little rows of figures, in a sense, was exactly what Sam Crystal was born for, though on a rather exalted plane. The identity that was his center proved to be that of a theoretical mathematician, among other things, and he found employment at a succession of great universities in Europe and America. In those positions, he wrote several books, all of which bid fair to solve certain perplexities that the human intellect had swum in for centuries and days: among them, was an entertaining and lucid disquisition on Zeno's paradox, an approach toward a language for a unified theory, and a universal calculus as well.

He became other things. He became, in a sane and balanced way, something of a success with women. It was an authentic mastery, not a bag of tricks that can give hope two ways simultaneously, but a reserve of loping passion well docked by control, at once fulminating and easy within him. As only a strong man may, he learned how a thing can be best when it is sweet. The C. P. A., sweating in rage and fear, was far behind.

He turned into half-a-dozen other people who may adequately be labelled and left: a sportsman (mountains and tennis and the sea); a connoisseur (wines and flowers and good tailoring); a dancer (the elegant dances); a great student (the arts); a great teacher (the sciences); a philosopher (mathematics); and even a poet (Pound wrote praises). He did not become a soldier or a large dog. His own dog, Sutton, had, as the stranger had predicted, entirely recovered.

Sam Crystal's apotheosis was accomplished with some speed; after all, he had been thirty-eight when the stranger came to him, and immortality had been neither asked nor offered. But it was deep, subtle, and complete, nothing less than this; wherever Sam looked, he found interest; and in whatever he turned his hand, he made no errors.

There had been night schools and endless readings, long walks, fresh loves, a long and happy marriage capped by his wife's graceful death, calm new ponds of the mind wherein the promise of himself lay rooted. All the developments came in ordered marches, in sweeping parallels, until the process became the perfection, and a kind of wholeness and utter strength and sanity infused his life. Over the years, then, he occupied all the available fine clichés that speak of the life of the mind, and made them real and true. And so it was that, letter and spirit, the stranger's half of the bargain was fulfilled.



To Sam Crystal, a very old man, the stranger returned one evening, himself looking faintly worn and a little older. But his manner was as pragmatic and courteous as it had been forty years before, and his mode of dress unchanged as well. Even a rumpled raincoat lay limply over his arm as he pressed the doorbell of the penthouse, an ivory button on the tall, narrow, oak door which opened onto the hallway feeding six splendid rooms atop a high building buried in a great city. Sam answered at once, though the hour was midnight, and the gray behind his ears was sour and old; because, recall, he was now something like perfect, and unafraid, and like all brave men, he had performed his own lobotomy upon the tunes of the devil, wherever they might else have murmured in the channels of his brain. That being so, it chanced that he did not immediately recognize his visitor and their conversation began as a curious parody of their first encounter.

"Yes?"

"Good evening, Doctor. May I come in?"

"I'm sorry, I don't think I . . . oh. Oh, oh, my God." The acid of recognition; horror; but not fear.

The stranger smiled thinly. "Apt, sir. I'm afraid it's time. But there is certainly a moment to spare for a cup of coffee, if you would be so kind."

"Come in," Sam said at last, "Sit anywhere. The armchair by the window is most comfortable."

"Ah, then it is yours. I shall be sitting in the chair of genius." He went to it. "I mean that most sincerely. And what a magnificent view!" He sat, and smiled up at his host. "Drop some Courvoisier in that coffee and you have a friend for life."

"You aren't unchanged," said Sam, going for it, "unless I err in assuming that irony is a peculiarly mortal vice."

"You do. Some would say, in fact, that it is the sole distinction between God and the Devil. Ah, thank you. That's excellent. And how have you been?"

"As you see."

"As I see. It was polite rhetoric anyway. I know---forgive this, but it's true---I always know everything. Aside from that, I have a followed your work with deepest pleasure, for years."

"My work?"

"Don't be foolish. It is your work. All I do is give the initial push. Why, only last---but you don't like my little tales, I seem to remember," the stranger observed with a sad smile.

"Not since I've become one of them," Sam said coldly. "Shall I get my coat?"

"Would you? I hate to rush, but my timetable makes a TV director's look like a country bumpkin's. By the way, are you aware of your rights at this point. There are various ways you can apply for an extension. Do you want to go into that? It's particularly useful if you've some vital work on the fire."

"Would it do any good?"

"That depends on what you mean. You can angle for a bit of time if you really need it. That's because our own hierarchies depend in some degree on earthly order---or at least continuity." The stranger drained his cup. "But it won't help in any ultimate sense. You could bounce it through a . . . a court or two, and pick up a day or a week. But that's about all, and it's not necessary---I'll come back tomorrow if you like, or, say, even Monday fortnight. Fair?"

"Fair," Sam murmured, "but I'd soon be quit for the next. Shall we go?"

"Remarkable equanimity."

"You kept your half of the bargain."

"Ah," said the philosopher's guest, "that seems to be the universal mistake. I don't have half. I have it all."

"Perhaps I might have a moment to put some things in order."

"Surely."

In a way, Sam had been prepared for this visit for forty years. Yet it now was clear that spiritual preparation guaranteed no disentanglement from the material world. The minutiae of his personal affairs were in an agreeable shambles, but that could go. He would attend a few professional matters, no more. There was, in fact, really little he had to do by way of clearing a space in his life for his departure from it. He gathered up the manuscript pages of a book, grateful that it was ninety percent done and that there was a young man in Cologne who could finish it from his notes, and put the pages into the center drawer of his roll-top desk, together with all his other notes and papers. He wrote a brief note to a colleague concerning the disposition of this material, and left it for the maid to mail. Then he nodded to his visitor, who was standing by the picture window, empty cup in hand, looking down on the whirlwind of light that was the city below, in its bed of darkness.

They paused in the hallway while Sam locked the un-numbered door. A moment later, the floor of the elevator fell gently below their feet as the faint breath of its canned music swam about their ears. The dim light floundered and was extinguished and came on again. Sam saw the face of his companion and could not suppress a cry.

The light died again, came on again, he saw the face again, and this time he screamed.

"Stop it!" the other snapped. "How the hell do you expect me to---" The light finally died now. And somewhere on that trip, Sam, with his stylish guide, went clawing into what we call---so fully, so unsatisfactorily---death.

Pointless to speak of a process or a passage, or of the rattling cells surrendering shape and taste and color. Or yet to go beyond such empty speech; because death, real death, the one you die, is the surest proof that a metaphor is just a metaphor.

The ride ended. They seemed to be still in the elevator car, an absurdity, but as its human passenger looked more closely he saw that their vehicle had gone through change; the few shapes within it had lost definition, and the colors seemed to have melded and flown---to be gone. Its motion had left it as well.

Its musak had not. This amused Sam inordinately. He laughed.

"What's so damned funny?" the stranger demanded irritably. He mopped his brow. He was beginning a slow slide back into his wry composure.

"The musak," Sam managed, through gulfs of laughter, "the musak's still on!"

"That's not musak, you fool," his companion retorted, "That's harps."

The elevator door slid open, and he motioned toward it. "This is where you get off. Don't worry, there'll be someone to show you the way. I'm going further south for a bit, check on things. You know." He was fully himself again. "Well?"

"I . . . I don't understand," Sam protested, "Something's wrong."

He was looking through the open doorway of the car. Before him was a gentle flood of grass and woodland, spangled white and gold, ordered by the sweet roll of blue water, gently thronged with softly glowing shapes in gold and white and silver, figures in whom might seem concentrated the most impossible human dreams of altruism. Above it all, the music sounded silently, heartbreakingly beautiful beyond all speaking. But no hearts could break here, one knew, for here ambiguity was unknown; all abstraction was unknown. And as he looked, a wind seemed to draw toward him from beyond a silver forest, summoning him as gently as a child toward that antique center whence springs the darkness of the sea and the shallow lights of the earth.

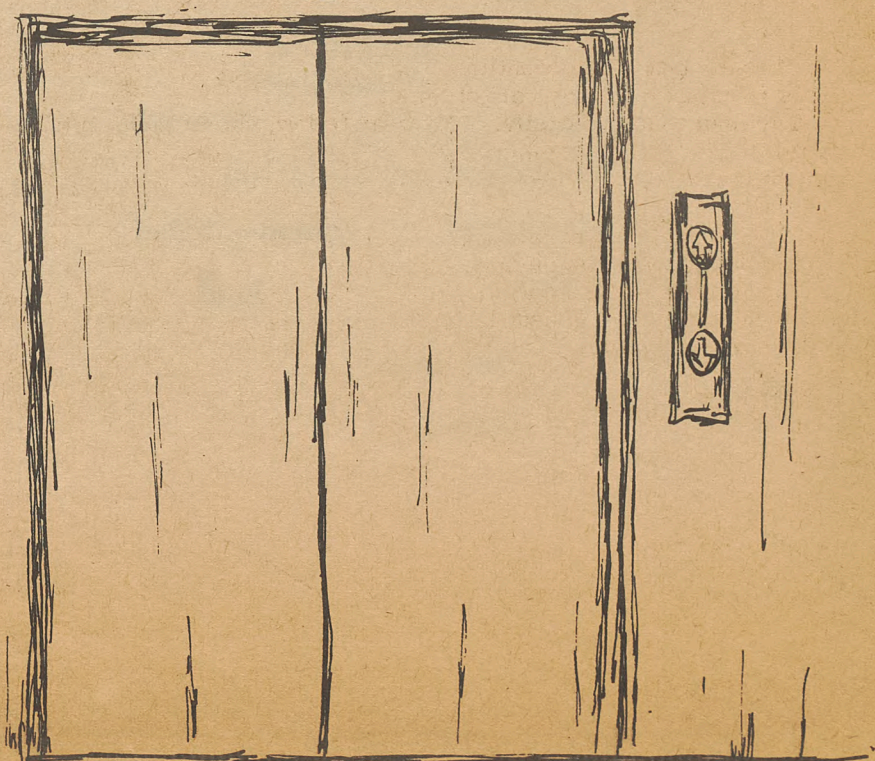
The stranger was sweating again. His courtly manner became frayed. "Out damnit. Please. I can't hang around here, at least not now. Please."

"What are you doing?" Sam whispered in terror, "I'll keep my part of the bargain. I'll keep my part of the bargain."

"You have," said the stranger, more gently. "Doctor, have your wits entirely deserted you? Has it never, in all these years, occurred to you what is the one way to heaven, barring grace? It is simply to realize in your life, to the utmost, every last possibility of your being. You have done that. So here you are. It was what you asked for. How could it possibly be otherwise?"

"But why did you do it?", Sam whispered.

"Because you promised me your soul," the other returned, and his pensive smile again touched the thin corners of his mouth. The door of the elevator slid to, shutting him from view, and then the whole thing was somehow gone, and Sam was alone on that sweet plain, clenching his fists until the tendons howled, a man without grace but in the Presence, filled at last with the knowledge of the millionth name.



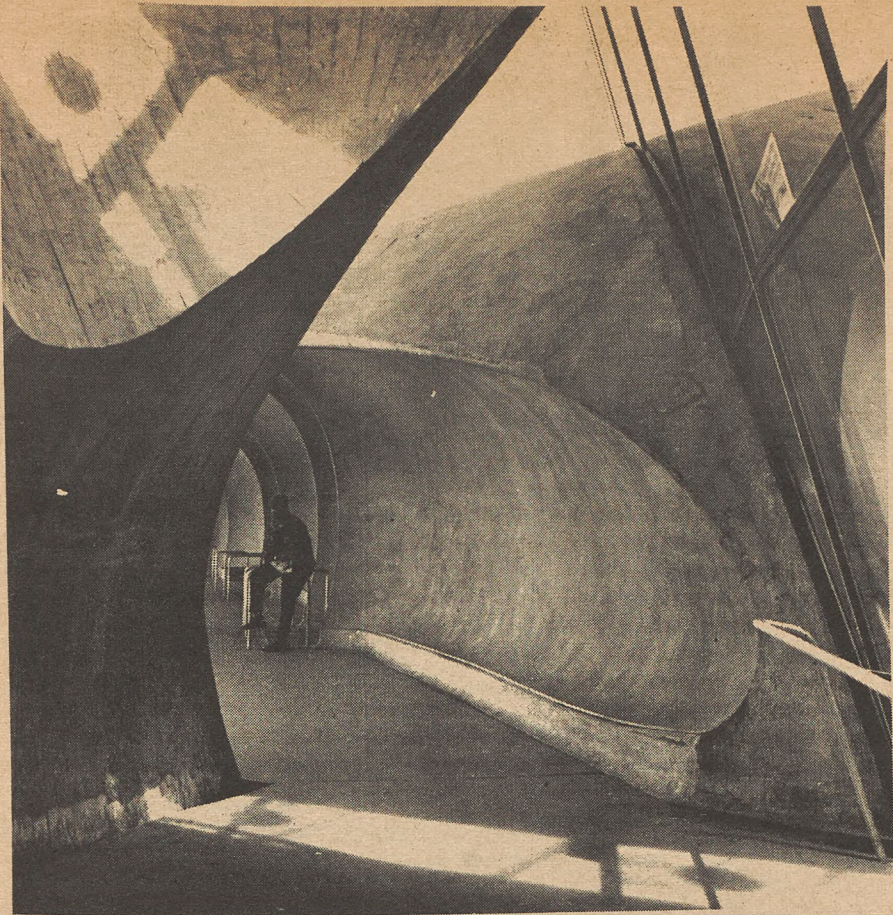
invader of the inner
 inundates the crack
 the hole
 and leaps within
 a wall
 a window
 slants its search
 ransacks the muffled memory
 of room
 voyeur,
 they're
 gone.



not quite here,
 her shadow
 casts her
 to the sun
 dimensionless
 the path
 will coil up
 cobra
 snuff her out
 in steel
 embrace.
 run!

grey days
 a silken silver sheen
 a presence felt
 unseen
 quicksilver
 spilled
 feverish
 on
 cloud-chilled
 land.



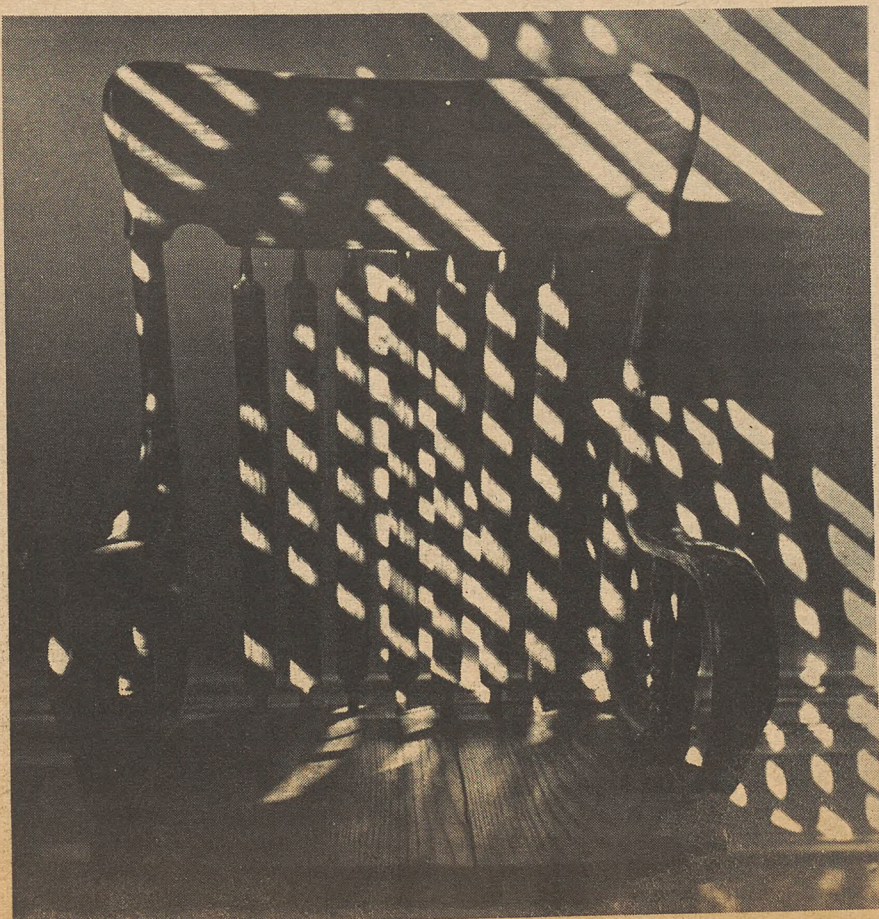
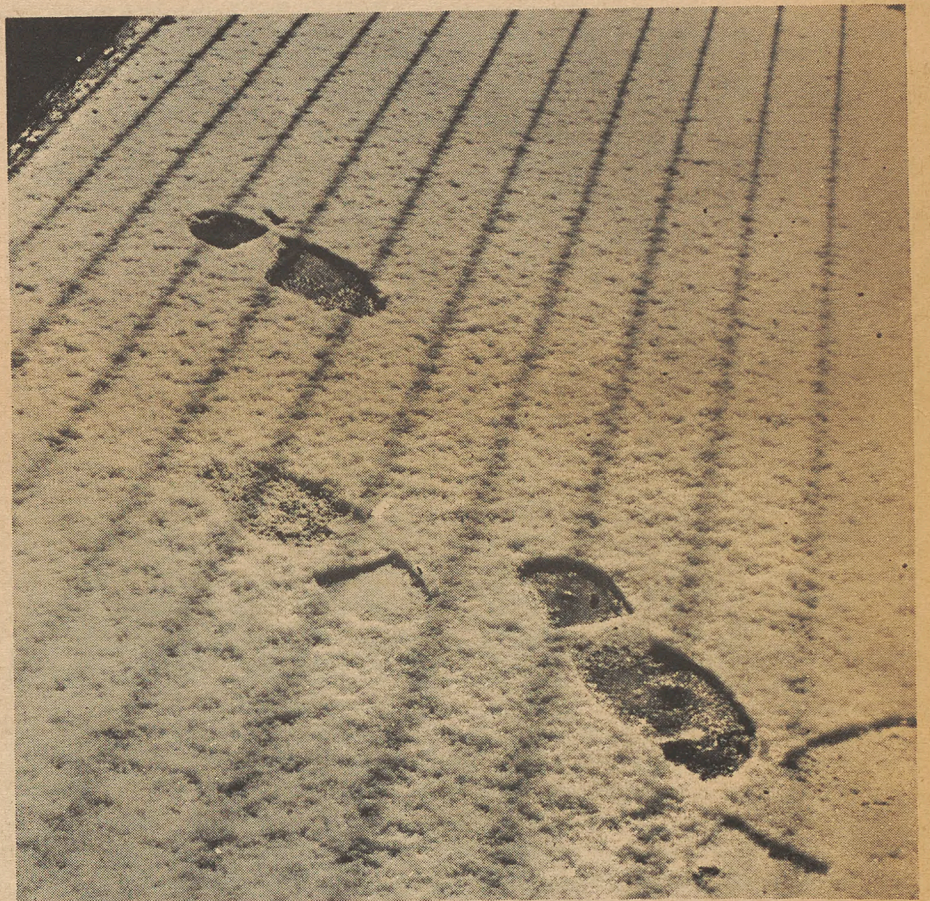


Light Show

ANNE
H.
ROSENFELD

await
on the wall
spiderlike
a web of light
hangs
patiently
for time
to be
right.

this hour
will return
to taunt the net
uncaught.



today a riddle
nettled by blinds
bends the wooden bars
beyond the
eye.

can i sit
caged?

Lost In The Ozone With Commander Cody

WILLIAM HOLLAND

"One drink of wine and two drinks of gin
and I'm lost in the ozone again."
--refrain from the set-closing song
of Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen is a boss, crazy-ass bunch of once-collegiates from the bygone Sixties who have reverted, perhaps regressed, into just about the apotheosis of a rough house rockabilly bar band. This is different than your usual country-rock group, which presuppose some serious purpose and display themselves by their manners onstage as a big concert group or a communal house in the country group, a psychedelic rock club group or the like.

But Cody's band, in every note and every action on and off stage, is definitely an old-style bar band. And, were the boys the first generation real articles, instead of reincarnations, they would be an anachronistic commodity, a dated cultural reality from the decade-and-a-half in the past which formed rock and roll music. Because there are only a few raise-hell bars left, at least where the members of the "new culture" would dare enter.

II. EH?

"Well, they were at Emergency Saturday and Sunday night, playing alternate sets with Asleep At The Wheel. Saturday night they were a famous first for Emergency-- a band too drunk to play well. Blasted! On such things as Scotch, tequila, beer and so on."

--a paying witness

"I don't know. All I could see was all these drunk fuckers up on stage going on like Jerry Lee Lewis and Ronnie Hawkins. They weren't rednecks, you know, but... whew! I laughed my ass off though; I had a really good time, dancing and shit."

--another paying witness of Saturday night

"We blew it, man."

--the Commander to Billy Kirchan after their set Saturday.

"Aw, man, fuck it, don't worry."

--Billy Kirchan in response

"Well, we'd been driving six hours, coming down from Wesleyan. We only had enough time to check in at the motel and... and have a few drinks (laugh)."

--CC&HPLA manager Joe Kerr

"I was there last night, you know, and it's not that they were that much better tonight, but just soberer. The guitar player could see to play his licks tonight, so that made a big difference."

--a local musician who attended both evenings

"They're good. Locally, they'd be like a mixture of Claude Jones and Asleep At The Wheel, plus a dash of the Big Bopper and Gene Vincent and Elvis and something like that."

--a paying witness who enjoys comparisons

When they swerved and swayed into town over the May 7th weekend during their first East Coast tour to play at Emergency, they brought with them a growing legend of Rabalasian goings-on and cut-ups that was almost a lifetime away from the activities of the previous week. By word of mouth and print, their reputation had already gotten to town, largely by an excellent article in Rolling Stone by Ed Ward (April 16, 1970), but also from Ray Benson, the friendly, giant, red-headed moose of a singer-guitarist for Asleep At The Wheel, who knew some of the boys already.

So, when they came to Emergency for a two-night doubleheader Saturday and Sunday of that week, everybody kind of knew a little bit of what was to go on, but nobody really knew exactly, because words can't describe music very well. The prose concerning their background and style of life was pretty well Kerouacian in content: Crazy, bigger than life, though, everlastingly adolescent, with enough good humor, raw spirit and guts to break out of their collegian-groomed backgrounds to become: A Comic Horror Show of Roots. They look like freaks, but, as lead guitarist Billy Kirchan occasionally puts up front with magnanimous crypto-belligerence: "I ain't no fuckin' hippie!" God, what charmers, what fuckin' sleazy rough riders! Out to get the world rock'n'rollin.



BILLY C. FARLOW

III. WHO?

Commander Cody: piano player, and occasionally vocalist on such crass Fifties Looneytune narratives as "Stranded In The Jungle". Well, now, the Commander will take a lot of words to describe. First off, his real name is George Frayne. Merely a photo will reveal that such an up-standing clean name would never fit. So he is always Da Commander.

The Commander is big, wide and thick, like a wrestler not yet gone too much to pot. He walks just a bit hunched over, bowlegged in his crummy old jeans, and, because his barrel chest rivals his shoulder pad wide shoulders, his arms sorta hang out when he walks, like a jock, like a frat animal, like a go-rilla with a sharp-angled beak face. But most of all, he has a gleam in his eyes and just enough of a devilish smile on his massive face to be that most undeniable of charmers, the pub rowdy.

Cody, apewise, is usually benign. He stands at the mike motionless but menacing, his teeth on edge, one eye giving forth a double-whammie the other one scrunched up, wary, ready for anything; someone out there giggles and he sees the person and just like a frat animal he seizes the time for a quick gross-out: "ARGGHHH!" he goes into the mike, and his fat, tequila-numbed tongue falls out, his close-set eyes open wide in a funny face, his bowlegs widen fartlike and his hands, in a W. C. Fields paroxysm of uncoordinated roiling and broiling, accomplish a stubby sign language flurry of untranslatable obscenities. "AGGHHH!" he says, and then smiles like a little boy.

The audience loves it, just like a generation of frat guys used to love such stuff at a beer-swill rock and roll party. Jesus Christ, Commander: Grr-ross!

Commander? Ah! No one else in the band is watching him. A clue, you see! If it was just an act, they would sort of look on. But no, they're too busy in their own confusion, shouting to each other at the same time, just missing someone's head with a guitar neck or checking out an amp and tripping over cords. Very used to each other, they are, moving and bumping around up there on that impossibly small stage like a well-oiled section of tramp steamer stowage. Commander?

Off to the side during most songs at the piano, a real one, he alternates between playing fairly primitive but accurate boogie-woogie style piano, leaning back, hunched over a cigarette or cigar caught between his teeth, bashing and flaying the 88's with no little abandon, and in between songs directing, commanding the band. However.

No one seems to be listening. The group, all eight of them, move so automatically (albeit chaotically) from song to song that Cody's raspy and frenetic directions are, well, more heeded by the curious audience than the band.

"Tempo, hey now, watch the tempo--hard and fast, c'mon now. Billy, hey Billy, uh, remember the..." Billy Kirchan doesn't even look, just gives a barely perceptible nod, one of the thousands of moves and head turns and dodges and ducks going on up there. "BRAAGGHEY! YOU GUYS!" he yells, leaning over the piano and his wonderful Victor McGlocklin rasp, his side of the mouth Robert Newton-Long John Silver pirate growl violating the fragile hidden pickup mike inside the open spinet top, "Heyyy! C'mon, let's git together."

Billy Kirchan: lead guitar and some vocals, who along with the Commander and lead singer Billy C. Farlow, is one of the "let's say" strong personalities in the band. As quoted earlier, he comes on slightly belligerent in a loose parody of a juicer. He's delightful, really, with his adenoidal face, the bleary, droop-lip way he has of looking out at the world. He is tall and thin, and plays a Carl Perkins-Scotty Moore style of Nashville 50's guitar that is almost as eerie in its authentic power. It is not a parody, however. His style is a serious attempt to extend that kind of guitar and adding some country swing too in the process.

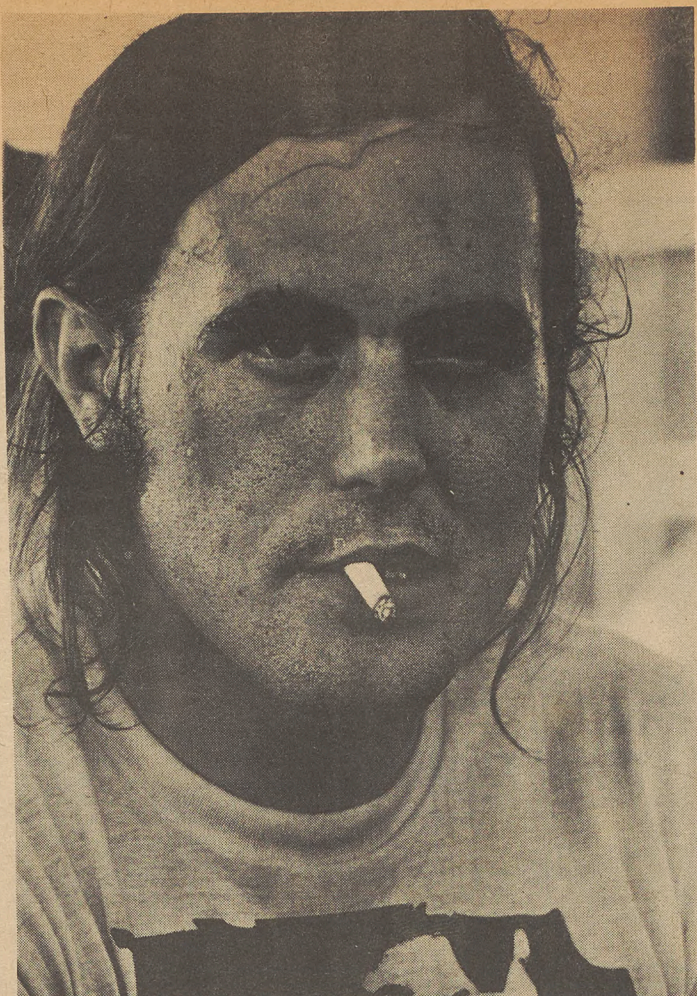
It is from Kirchan and Cody that it becomes apparent the band has made of itself a shrine of shit-kickin rockabilly music; that any style of rock and roll other than this kind, this white, first generation rock and rolling kind, is just not their concern.

Kirchan started off in music playing trombone (he plays it on a few numbers, and it is gutbucket 'hone) and went through the folk thing before starting with a band in Ann Arbor that dared play psychedelic stuff. Insulted, he left the group.

If there's a style that CC&HPLA feel an affinity for, it's that Fifties Sun Records style, and naturally, Kirchan plays an old Telecaster on most songs, jes like the C&W stars he dug as a youngster.

One can imagine Kirchan at 18 or so, playing rock and roll at some fraternity gig, looking for all the world like a bespectacled pre-med student, his face stupefied with beer, lost in the ozone, but systematically practicing licks off old 45's as crackerjack as some other dude back in the dorm, guzzling a chilly while memorizing the names of frog bones.

Kirchan was as laughingly bad Saturday night as he was good Sunday night, and as drunk the first night as he was sober the second, but both nights he was entertaining as hell. The Commander was pleading again over the piano late Saturday night, saying, "Billy, do the best you can..." and Billy slurred back as he tried to adjust the volume knob of his Tele and stand up too: "I'm doing the best I can." Soon after, he keeled over backwards onto the Virginia Creeper's pedal steel, and then later inadvertently kicked a speaker out of his Fender amp, an amp so old it resembled the straw-colored fabric-over-cardboard suitcases hillbillies used to carry going down the road.



DA COMMANDER

Billy C. Farlow: the lead singer, was of course, with a name like that, born in Alabama. His parents moved to the hillbilly section of Detroit, but Billy had already heard Hank Williams and Elvis and all the boys on radio, and decided he wanted that life. The Commander grabbed him after a dude named the Marquis de Soul left the original group of rowdies.

Billy C, his glasses notwithstanding, is a tough looking boy, with a pugnacious smile on his face most of the time. Has kind of an Elvis way about him. And tell me how many lead singers could get away with slapping and bashing an electric guitar that ain't even plugged into no amplifier! Yeah, jes gettin up there in plaid shirt and levi's looking so real he's make Credence Clearwater's boys look like and even sound like tame cityboy dandies. How many lead singers could get away with grabbing two mikes and singing into both from a straddle-legged stance? Not many, at least since those late Fifties teen dances. He has an oblivious, casual personality, half smart guy, half vintage Graziano; rolled up sleeves, wiping his nose, goin yeahhh, goin oooowwwweeee! And singing real good.

John Tichy, rhythm guitar and vocalist, brings a bit, but just a bit, of sanity and reasonableness to the group onstage. He has dandelion-puff blond hair and square-shooting eyes, a real swell guy look, and somehow manages to evade the crypto-redneck chicanery, the verbal abuse and barrage of sweeping guitar necks, serpentine amp cords and unsteady microphones on the stage, focusing all of his energy into a T-zone around the mike; there's almost a mesmerized aura around his face when he begins to sing the real purty hillbilly country swing songs that are his forte.

It's hard to believe that this good old boy, as chivalrous and innocent as a funky Porter Wagoner at the mike, took his Phd. in hydraulic engineering at Michigan (his thesis was entitled "Analytical and Experimental Investigation into the Influence of Fluid Viselasticity in Squeeze-Filled Flow") while playing in Cody's band, and actually taught at Georgia Tech before joining the crew when they went to the West Coast. But he did. Now he sings, and turns his guitar way down low most of the time --but at least he has a cord plugged in.

The West Virginia Creeper-- like the name implies, is a torpid sort of fellow to see, with a square rough gem of a face that owes allegiance to Ernie Borgnine and Brando. The Creeper, actually Steve Davis, got his new name from a famous motorcyclist from West Virginia which he saw in the West Virginia State Historical Museum, a man famous for "being on time".

The Creeper plays a Sho-Bud pedal steel, which is a one-neck, eight string, three pedals, which he says is only "part way to being a standard Nashville setup."

Now, he might sit low and hunched over his instrument but, at least at the Emergency, he was shifting his broody eyes all over the place, zooming over to the Commander, zooming back, then relaying instructions to the, er, less sober elements of the band, nodding and shaking his head at questions, and always keeping a mellow grin on his grizzle-bearded face.

Also paramount on his mind during the sets, other than putting out some fine, but not flashy, sliding sounds, was the shape of boys in front of him, especially the two Billys, who he had to stiff arm a few times to make sure they didn't keel over on top of him. He was successful all but twice.

Now the foundation fellers, on drums and bass, are Lance Dickerson and Bruce Barlow, and solid pillars they were. Very quiet, more or less sober, they kept the beat rolling. Lance looks like what a grinning Anthony Quinn might look after two or three good bongos, back there on that old Baby Dodds styled set, with a 34" bass drum to boot, getting deep, thunky sounds that only Levon Helm has offered to young music lovers, kuh-klunk, kuh-ratata-klunk. And Bruce, like someone out of a Thirties Republic western, looking disarmingly like the old daughtertype of Custer that Leonard Baskin later used for his strange portrait-print.

And then, finally, there's Andy Stein, a Harpo-headed fiddler who looks out at the world through GI issued glasses with what looks like an expression of pain and irritation. Back out West, Andy has "a personal following," according to the Cody. No wonder. He is, as the Commander always says, "an outstanding fiddle player."

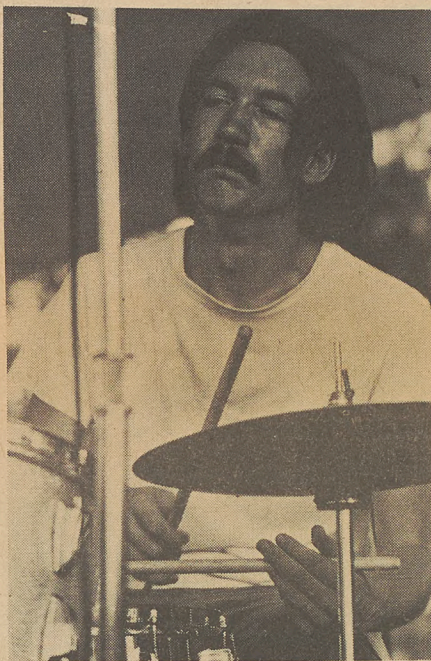
Stein, who appeared onstage in a very long raincoat until he warmed up, was with the Toledo Symphony, a good gig indeed, but split when the band went West and went through their starvation period with them. Then, when they were beginning to get gigs, he split back to classical music, then returned. "Andy quit the symphony," says Cody, "because he wasn't making it in a tuxedo." At Emergency, he stood at the back of the stage, looking at the rest of the band with that reserved disdain Asleep at The Wheel piano player Checkerboard Lewis uses sometimes. But whenever he raised that fiddle to his chin, it was obvious he was not only an excellent musician, but genuinely loved the music CC&HLPA play, because the music got even better... and he even smiled a little.

IV. BACKGROUND, PLEASE

Pieces of the band have been playing old time rock and roll for almost ten years--in other words, since it wasn't old time. As CC&HLPA, the group has been together, ironically, since 1967, just about the time the psychedelic-electronic rock style began to be popular. From Ann Arbor, where the Commander was at the university in sculpture and art, the band migrated to the greener pastures of San Francisco and the Bay area, where they have supported themselves--and gained a sizeable following--by playing, yes, in bars.

Some of the first ones were rough joints--the band has many tales of fights and dudes carrying around pistols and even bombs inside the clubs--but they finally got regular work in clubs which cater to the long-haired 25-30 year old crowd in the Bay Area.

Although the band has been courted by a handful of major labels--including Atlantic, Columbia and Fillmore--they didn't sign, and instead put out their own 45 for their fans and waited until very recently, when Paramount, of all things, gave them what they wanted: complete control over their product, according to Joe Kerr, the band's manager, as well as a nice percentage deal that'll get nicer with each consecutive album.



LANCE DICKERSON



ANDY STEIN

V. FIVE QUICKIES

*Fact or fiction: that the Commander in his younger days once not only built one of the best three houses in the state of Michigan outside a frat house that had turned him out but possibly was the culprit that burned it to the ground one evening?

*Fact or fiction: That Cody actually played in groups called the Fabulous Surfing Band and also one in which most of the members were Jones Beach life guards, including the Commander himself?

*Fact or fiction: that true to their legend, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen managed, while in Washington, to get kicked out of their hotel, reputed, by the way, to be one of the most accessible in, of all places, College Park?

*Fact or fiction: Billy C used to be bribed by the Commander in Ann Arbor to come up and sing in his band for a lid a week?

*Fact or fiction: That Andy Stein once won a Jack Benny look alike contest?

VI. IN SHORT, THEN

Well, briefly, the band played Saturday night to a full house, and, drunk as they were, managed to convince almost everybody (some walked out) that they should be drunk too by playing the wildest, wooliest old time rock and roll imaginable. Sunday night, the word had gotten out, and the house was full again. The Commander and his boys, fresh from being kicked out of the motel, were in a bouyant, slightly apologetic and altogether amiable mood, and sat down to play a rollicking good set that went on and on until everybody was jumping and dancing and yelling to "Blue Suede Shoes", "Be Bop A Lula", "The Shadow Knows", "Wine Do Your Stuff", a few country ballads and truck driving songs, and all through the nights, nobody played one post-1965 lick.

But I didn't detect any trace of camp being perpetrated onstage or even among the music-mad audience stomping and dancing around either night. Camp stinks, you know, and it's easy to smell, just like the smell of a hound who's been groveling in dead flesh. There was nothing dead those two nights--and that's the band's magic. They can call up the past like spirits, and you know why? Because they have faith. Yes. They really believe in the magic of the rock and roll. And so the music stays alive. And that's why Commander Cody and The Lost Planet Airmen are so great--because as soon as you hear them, you just know the music has set them free.



WE ARE THE ARCHITECTS OF THE EARTHS, THE PLANETS' DECORATORS;
WE ARE THE WONDERMAKERS.
THE SUNBEAMS WE SHALL TIE IN RADIANT BROOMS AND SWEEP CLOUDS
FROM THE SKY WITH ELECTRICITY.
WE SHALL MAKE HONEY-SWEET THE RIVERS OF THE WORLDS.
THE STREETS OF EARTH WE'LL PAVE WITH RADIANT STARS.

Vladimir Mayakovsky

The Most Reluctant uniVerse

When I come down from the mountain
I come following the deer
who retreat from the winter in ceaseless ritual,
the following of ancestral trails.
Reduced as I am to drinking wine,
I follow them,
watching small hooves
chip lightly through new snow
to pools of water not yet frozen.

Freezing on a sun-scorched highway
I follow the great geese southward,
losing them outside Cincinatti
and going east without them,
ninety-miles-an-hour blindly
towards a sun I once imagined to be rising.
Backed up against the sea
a misplaced hunter, born in the city,
is singing.
(A basic blues progression,
key of C)
In his voice an unheard harmony,
a much more lonely cry:
loons' voices on a summer lake,
a creekbed humming secretly
in the most natural key,
the most basic of all progressions,
water running to the sea.

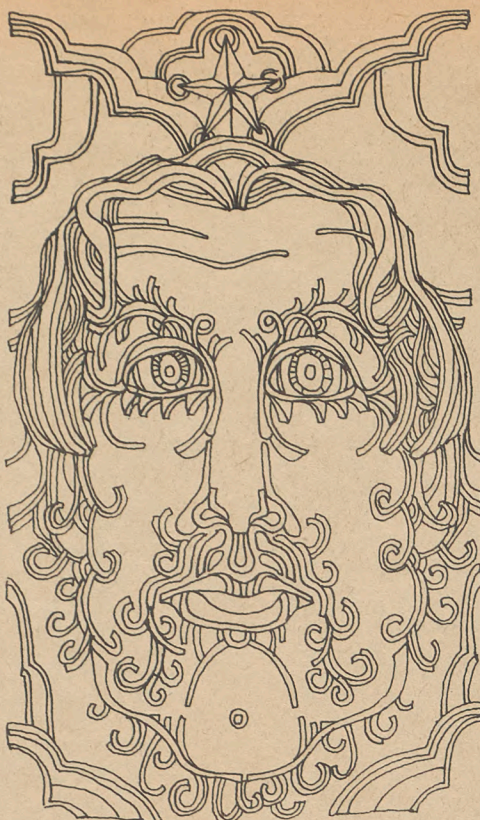
Left over from another time are words
I will not die like this.
I would rather go out in a clash of thunder
But many storms have passed
unmarred by my violent epitaph.
I find no violence in the death of wild things,
only quick ends,
sudden births,
no blame.

Thirsty in winter,
I was looking for the royal scope of rivers,
sliding on a vast and frozen lake.
Almost too late,
having forgotten the scent of pure water,
I must learn to track the deer
back to the small stream humming,
the deep pools not yet frozen.

Firefly

Firefly lying legs up on the floor,
were you injured?
I raised you in my hand,
righted you,
waited for your flight.
But you could not fly,
would never fly.
So I played the god
and killed you.

Your body smeared across the floor,
your lamp still burning,
though legs and wings are scattered,
still burning when I try to sleep,
still burning when I try to sleep,
still burning when the moon sets,
still burning.



Running Out of Water

The coals are carried lightly now,
tossed in a handbag over my shoulder,
they smoulder,
used to fire a smile,
boil a tear,
juggled from hand to hand in a demolition derby
of springy steps, big nights, and Constructive Reading,
never still long enough
to burn.
The water of Friday nights
falls steaming from my fingertips.

I am out alot when you call,
but the door was taken long ago
by the blind and helpless firemen;
and boredom,
years,
and fantasy
steal close when my back is turned,
to blow softly in that gap
where the door had been.
Some night now when the moon rises,
a spark,
when it slides into the sky above the jagged road,
will ignite
to send it roaring past control.
I have used every drop of water I know,
and I have only so far to run.
I've been taught no fire drills.
We all thought the water would do.

Sestina Written for Residents of Hospitals Everywhere

The showers ran all last night,
and I heard rumors whispered from the white walls,
voiced by the cold bricks, the formless faces.
Sometimes a shudder runs down the hall,
through the space of their empty stares, like today
when a telephone rang unanswered for hours.

Yesterday I had no visitors. I sat for hours
flipping coins across my room
I had small change on my floor. And today
I ran my hands endlessly over the cold walls
until I heard a sigh from the hall,
a reply from the dreadful white faces.

My ceiling is undisturbed by maps or lined faces.
But there is one crack, and for hours
a single fly plays tight-wire, making his entrances from the hall.
When he finishes, he bows first to the dark night
sitting on the windowsill, then to the lightbulb making today
remain glimmering on the translucent walls.

Then he and a partner poise on opposite walls
and execute perfect swan-dives, their ugly black faces
swooping low into mine, just before splashdown in today's
soupbowl. Picking them out to dry, I contemplate the hours
I spent listening them practice in the dark last night.
The light goes out in the hall.

Immediately there are noises in the hall,
and I hear dying through the walls,
the insects, I suppose, of a sanitary urban night.
For days I have been listening to the promises of the faces,
whisper of the greatest show of all, due to start in hours,
due to start last night, due to start today.

And all I got was the swan dive. Well, today
is the last day I listen to rumors from the hall.
From now on flowery expressions of sympathy (sympathy) will
cover my walls.

I can get by without faces.
I won't listen anymore to them whispering to me at night.

Damn the halls. I flipped coins at the walls for hours today.
Each coin is carefully engraved, with tiny buildings and faces.
With two soggy flies for company it could be a long night.

NEW OFFERINGS

SUE TICHEY

Bongos

Last night when the rain was tapping its rhythm on the bongo roof
and the cool humming air had ceased I think the road was chanting in
the distance (last night when in time to the rhythm of the rain
beating around me on the bongo house.)
Because I'm already gone.
Watch me when I'm sitting here walking running.
Do you think you love me now?
Going to love me when I'm gone?
I've gone anyway.
A lifespan anywhere is tragically brief.
What lived here died months ago
when we believed it was gone.
And I'm gone
anywhere.
I'm tired of your music teachers leaving and wailing for my sympathy.
(It's the price we pay for air.)
You said to make a wish and I wished myself gone.
I'd take to the highway.
Lend me something we've both forgotten how to use.
I have already dissolved in the palm of your hand.
And I love you.
I do love you.
But I've gone because you can't love what's dead you can't love that
you just pretend. And I'm not living someone else's life now and
you're not living mine which makes it possible for the first time for us
to love which is why I say I do love you now more than ever.
We're not alone now neither of us.
And the road runs a full circle.
It has no end.
It can't end by its definition
as a road might end.
And I'll be home as I am running.
I am always going home relentlessly.
There is no other destination.
I'm leaving in the morning
on my way home.



Those first long days of summer found us
walking out of
a forest of syscrapers.
Out on the road
our silhouettes were those of generations of travelers

headed North.
To the first man, driving a blue car, we said,
"We're going North,
to where they hide the truth. Are you?" He said
he didn't think so,

but nonetheless, he drove us as far as he could.
Everyone we met, we found, would take us as far as they could.
We went North all summer,
but I guess we didn't make it far enough.

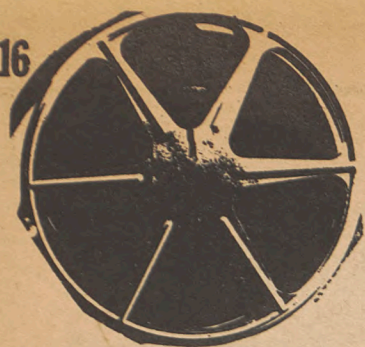
Set down beside you,
some strange wager of the gods on our heads,
I was glad enough to smile--
The first April-blue sky,
and all those demons a thousand miles behind.
"Drunk!" you said, laughing.
Fine, I could laugh too.
The sun was warm in the morning,
and I took pictures of people I didn't know
who were smiling.
"Tell me," you said,
"How did the heavens stand when you were born?"
Scattered,
just an aimless crowd of beasts,
no order.
Just one word to answer you,
the name of some rough animal I've never seen.
That could tell you?
The sun was shining.
It was warm.
In the snow I'd left all that--
centaurs and birds,
and someone balanced on a thin edge,
squinting into the darkness,
into the place I vacated.
Something moved across your face
that was like singing I heard once
under a spot light,
a long time ago,
some silent harmony
that hesitated in the lights
where cigarette smoke was rising slowly to the roof.
The delivery of lunch
let me stop listening to you.
"Why are you disappointed?"
Why are you disappointed?
Why are you, ?"
Someone's face appeared at the door,
looking in.
I watched him look
and walk past.
You were drunk.
You were just drunk.
Something pulled the muscles in my face
and I smiled.
"Nothing's wrong," I said.
"It's been a nice day."

I do not know much about gods;
--T. S. Eliot

The March woods are waiting,
not sending forth the green life,
not shouldering the white drapery
or folded in the opiate fog,
but standing alone
naked, wet and waiting.
Beneath the leaves, the carpet of the dead,
frail stems, yet white and soft, unfold.
The sun still wrestles with the clouds,
their struggles rumbling distantly down to earth.
The surveyor marks his way between the trees,
dropping here and there his sentence
And the trees stand silent,
watching,
and waiting.
The green sap boils and surges through their loins
unspilled.
They feel the stirring at their feet,
the trembling that begins in their most far-flung roots
and comes nearer.
The shock of the lightning bolt
and the lashes of the wind--
the trees only sway slowly, like mourners,
waiting,
mute, and wet and naked.

On the Burlington Line

With the disappearance of sunlight
all things turn the color of water-at-dusk.
On the East bank of the river the train runs North
through small towns in need of paint,
the pallor of funeral homes in twilight.
At the edges of the burned grass
the river's rippling fingers test the banks
as if questioning their imprisonment,
while on the west horizon
a line of trees stands against the blood-hued sky,
stiff like coarse hairs
raised on the spine of the hill.



FILM Tom Shales

"The Conformist" at the Janus
 "Taking Off" at the Cerberus
 "Bananas" at the Avalon
 "Derby" at the Embassy
 "Summer of 42" at the Fine Arts

While the irony is hot: Picture dozens--hundreds of--Washingtonians, dull and docile, reading one of Gary Arnold's rare rah-rah reviews in the establishment press, and then obediently following one another to the Janus 1&2, and standing patiently in line, to see what's been approved. The name of the movie, ahem, is "The Conformist".

But whatever gets them there, so much the better, because Bernardo Bertolucci's film is by all standards exceptional--outlandishly attractive, honestly sumptuous and, for a film of its sophistications and apparent intelligence, unusually shallow.

Bertolucci is maybe too sophisticated to handle the narrative, so he mucks it up a bit, with some annoying flash forwards and stuff like that, confusing us and disorienting us unnecessarily. He is a little like a wizard who insists on showing you every trick he knows--and getting tricked by himself in the process.

One ends up wishing that this story of a thirties fascist and how he grew were either much more substantial--or much less. Because "The Conformist" is a film to get lost in on every sensual level--it is one of the most irresistibly tactile movie experiences in recent years, pouring itself into your eyes and convincing you it can be reached out and touched.

As it proceeds and as one finds Bertolucci losing his grip on the story and its themes, you almost wish that the whole premise would vanish, that you could just sit there and soak up the stimuli and never mind about how the boy was seduced by a long-haired chauffeur, shot him, and therefore--or perhaps nevertheless--became an agent for Mussolini fascism, traveling to Paris to murder a liberal professor. Someday I would like to see this film without subtitles, not only because the ugly white print screws up Bertolucci's immaculate compositions, but also because words become almost a distraction--it's like being on an idyllic warm beach somewhere and having to listen to news-on-the-hour from an intruding transistor radio.



Not that the story isn't worth telling--it has fascinating possibilities. How much Bertolucci took from the Alberto Moravia novel (Bertolucci wrote the screenplay and directed) is hard to determine if you haven't read the book (and I haven't), but one feels he should have taken more--not to make the film a pat explanation of how fascists get that way, but to answer a lot of questions about the character and the influences within and without him. How Moravian Bertolucci has been is not really important. One should never view a film of a book in terms of the book anyway. I'm tired of critics who sit in the screening room with the novel in their lap. The book exists in another sphere--when one is watching the film, it ceases, in fact, to exist at all, for practical purposes. The fact remains that Bertolucci has left annoying gaps and ambiguities. And not enlightening ambiguities, either. Just confusions.

Bertolucci's images, though, are astonishing--the fascist's mother languishing in a bed filled with puppies, and nearly drowning in her own feathers; the leaves sweeping up at the car as it pulls away from the house; the trainride honeymoon, with the wife arousing herself by recalling her seduction by a 60-year old man; and the sudden chorus of "The Internationale" sung by street urchins, tormenting the fascist after he has just bought violets from them.

It is surprising, then, in light of these, and many more, to find the director occasionally banal or derivative--workmen carrying huge busts of ceremonial figures in a hollow public building are more than mildly reminiscent of Fellini (as are other of the early scenes); the old swinging-light-bit fails as either parody or atmosphere during a scene that takes place in a Chinese restaurant; and, indeed, the concept of a killing amid snowy skinny trees is not especially fresh either. At another point, a camera angle during a street chase seems a particularly common way of inducing suspense. These little moments almost vanish into the total fabric of the film, however, which is of almost absolute consistency and truly indelible color.

Jean-Louis Trintignant's self-evasiveness may have never been put to better use than in his portrayal of the fascist, Marcello. He does everything with the script that is possible, we are sure, and the things we do not know about Marcello were not his to tell. They were Bertolucci's, and he kept them from us. Stefania Sandrelli is the thirties herself, a perfect stupid kitten, and Pierre Clementi is seduction itself as the chauffeur. But the most breathless vision is Dominique Sanda, who was the sole support of a 1970 film called "First Love". She fits into the thirties landscape of this film beautifully, and she exquisitely embodies the charismatic sexual ambivalence of the character she plays. The problem is understanding why the character is drawn as sexually ambivalent in the first place.

Similarly, it is hard to escape the notion that Bertolucci thinks Marcello turned to fascism because he feared he was homosexual. Or because he feared he had killed a homosexual. At the end of the film, the character cries out as if discovering that years of guilt have been for nothing. Which guilt? He tells a priest that he is alarmed to find the church looking more forgivingly at murder than sodomy, but just what is it that bugs him? We are never quite sure, and we wouldn't even need to care that much if Bertolucci didn't, at the film's close, seem to be hanging so much onto that peg.

Again, though, the voluptuous lushness of the film redeems it if we can suppress our intellectual curiosities and just gorge ourselves on surface pleasures--and these would certainly include Vittorio Soraro's photography and reliable Georges Delerue's superior and sometimes sarcastic music. One is not sure, when the film is over, if one is both chilled and cheered at how good it was, or how good it might have been. But better to have loved and lost.

AND IN THESE CORNERS, WOODY ALLEN...

Woody Allen's "Bananas" won't be the most talked-about movie of the year, but it may be the most laughed about. Whatever it's excesses--and I'll tell you whatever they are: they are Woody Allen--it is still hilarious.

Woody Allen is a problem child at the movies. Or maybe a childish problem. It's his game and his marbles, and poop on everybody else. He directs; he co-authors; and, most regrettably, he stars. As a physical presence, Woody Allen's comic identity is not very engaging. Standing up on TV and whining out the urban curses he suffers, it works fine, but plopped into a movie, interest aborts. He is not a good enough actor to be anyone but himself, and himself is just not that amusing. He obviously fancies himself a representative comic hero for our downtrodden times; and throughout the film, he is pretentiously comparing himself to Charley Chaplin (there's an "exercise machine" sequence stolen from "Modern Times" and its famous eating machine); the Marx Brothers (he arrives in New York in a preposterous beard disguise like Chico and Harpo wore when they impersonated Russian aviators in "A Night At the Opera"); and Harold Lloyd (the film's premise is similar to a comedy Lloyd did about a boobish American tourist who stumbles into a Latin American Revolution). This is purely presumptuous.

Jokes about Latin American Revolutions are old-hat anyway; they are now the province of television commercials, and Allen made a mistake in using such a worked-over idea to begin with. But mistakes, mistakes. He makes a lot as director and several as co-author (usually these are mistakes made many times before and very long ago) and a large one as star. All this said, it still stands that nobody is really making funnier little comedies right now, and at least this film is a tight, fast number--not a sloppy, self-indulgent mess like "Take The Money And Run". Sharing Mr. Allen's sphere of influence in this film are a funny girl and an ex-Mrs. Allen, Louise Lasser, Howard Cosell covering the Revolution, and Marvin Hamlisch's extremely indispensable music. As usual, Mr. Allen is more cute than brilliant, and he picks easy targets, and I'll bet he thinks he's pretty funny, that little rascal.

THESE KIDS TODAY

Milos Forman introduced his criminally neglected comedy "The Firemen's Ball" with an in-person preface. He said, in explaining a mock controversy surrounding the picture, that "the silly truth of the matter is..." Forman deals in silly truths. He sees their silliness and their truth. He sees them very clearly and impressively in "Taking Off", his first made-in-USA picture. It makes having sat through dozens of dowdy youth films almost worth it, because perhaps the best thing about Forman's comedy, besides its gentleness, is its lack of advocacy; Forman is not interested in any simpering patronization of the youth culture. Helooks at everybody askance and sees everybody askew. We can be glad he's here. He might coax some sense into our heads.

What is "Taking Off" about? A disenchanted daughter and her disenchanted parents, sort of, but really it is about everybody who is having a hard time getting along--everybody, period. It is blatantly episodic, but it holds together through presence of mind and presence of spirit. It is not jolting or alarming except in its refusal to bother with jolts and alarms. All the alarms, after all, have been sounded by this time.

The film opens, unfortunately, with somewhat its best scene--a lot of kids at an audition. Forman has said he thinks auditions are the cruelest things on earth, and he films these auditions the way he films most everything else, with quiet and trenchant compassion. He sees in the audition, also, a symbolism that need not be over-emphasized; we are all put to auditions every day, and they are, invariably, cruel things and demeaning things. People in Forman movies are often demeaned but not as often demeaning. They are all in this together, one feels, whatever their utter lack of inter-relation. Very often they do not appear to know better.

Forman's touch is so human (and, essentially, humane) that he can put in little comic set-pieces and somehow smoothe their rough edges so they fit the film, contribute to its ethos, and don't interrupt. Such is the plainly unlikely and yet crazily plausible sequence in which a gaggle of earnest parents is taught how to turn on. A patient and rather ridiculous pseudo-freak explains the whole procedure. They listen patiently and then light up. Naturally, somebody has to be the first to say, "I don't feel anything." This is funny honest as opposed to funny farce, even though there are farcical elements to it.

Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry are pretty good as the mother and father and Linnea Heacock is very very good as the daughter--plaintive and detached and yet never anything like the moody-girl stereotype popularized by that dreadful Peggy Lipton in that idiotic "Mod Squad". Forman is great with actors. Press stuff says he never gives them an entire script, just one page at a time each day, and that he is largely improvisational.

Virtually the entire film takes place indoors. I think Forman sees us as indoor people. Locked-indoor people. This is not to give the impression however that "Taking Off" could be subtitled "Milos Forman looks at America" because his scope is really larger than that, and his eloquently realized concerns far more universal. Please see this film so that Milos Forman will be given lots of money to make another one.

Robert Kaylor's "Derby" is a bore at any speed. It is all too apparent from the outset what Kaylor is going to do with the roller derby--sociologically, that is--and he does it at a slow walk. Of course, there are scenes of the derby, with all its comic violence (I think its appeal is basically to masochism rather than sadism; for that reason, it may be making a comeback), and for a few very short takes there is a camera mounted on a skater, just as the film director's guidebook would prescribe. Kaylor tries to mix documentary with fiction and ends up with a spectacle of embarrassment. He lets the working class types in the picture make the greatest possible fools of themselves throughout it, and always we are being reminded of the camera, the camera, the goddam, omnipresent, interfering camera. So that when two angry wives confront a third woman who's been philandering with their husbands, all we can think of is, "My God, there they are having that intimate confrontation RIGHT IN FRONT OF A CAMERA!" In truth, this is the most artificial cinema of all.

Donald Siegel's "The Beguiled" certainly had its beguilements. It was an eerie exercise in Southern Gothic, a genre too well represented already chiefly by Robert Aldrich (who sees everything in Gothic terms), but Siegel's approach was richly imaginative--in visual impact--while being foolishly obvious in others. The screenplay was terrible, but the film was devilishly well lit and shot, and Geraldine Page got to do her corrupt Southern belle turn again. Elizabeth Hartman was touching as the virginal spinster but neither she, nor Miss Page, nor Siegel, nor Atlas himself could hold up Clint Eastwood, not so much a man with a monotone as a monotone man, whose leaden presence thwarted whatever kinky credibility the fable might have had. Still, it didn't deserve the childishly moralistic trouncing it got from the Post (so few films ever do) and if it turns up at your local moviehouse, you could definitely do worse. Siegel is like a Roger Corman with taste, and he obligingly keeps distracting you from the deficiencies of the script and Mr. Eastwood. These are DeMillian challenges.

"The Summer of 42" means never having to say, "I forgot". But forget it. This misty, musty, phony nostalgia orgy may be worse even than "Love Story" because it has these artsy aspirations. The whole thing looks like it was shot through a screen door (an old man is looking back, you see, so things are kind of hazy, heh-heh) and is based on one of those new instant bestsellers--written only so that a movie could be based on it, and so both would feed each other enough publicity to generate millions of dollars. "Summer of 42" assumes we are all so sentimental about having lost our virginities (or being about to lose them) that we will accept any sort of trash contrivance concerning the event, even a story of such dreary inlikelihoods as this one. Robert Mulligan, who handled sentimentality so well in "To Kill A Mockingbird", hasn't got the super material he had then--Herman Raucher's screenplay-book is fantastically hackneyed, and it goes off for crass laughs at every opportunity, so that, should we accidentally begin to accept these dreamy blobs masquerading as people, we can't hold onto even that much reality, because they turn around and behave like slap-happy hasbeens in burlesque comedy. The plastic is stretched, squeezed, and finally melted into an egregious goo that sickens even the dew-soaked eye. "Summer of 42" makes Norman Rockwell look like Hieronymus Bosch.

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MAD DOGS & ENGLISHMEN

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Cocker and his friends lay down the kind of hard-driving music whose thumping, unrelenting rhythm is almost impossible to resist. The result is a carnival of high spirits and solid rock 'n roll that is almost as much fun to see as it must have been to live through."—Time Mag.

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THE PROMISE - Folger Shakespeare Theater

After In Search of Happiness was premiered several years ago in the midwest with total fatality, and after Arena butchered the dilemma in The Cherry Orchard last year, I'm not very sure that original Russian drama can be done by America's taste. There is very little avant-garde Russian theater; it is basically a real-life motif, since people over there seem to be involved in "real life". Folger or anyone else still fails to make this theater more than an artifact, a bit culture entertaining in itself; but failing to engage, like a stripped gear, we have educated ourselves into something non-traditional, where not all traditions are bad, like kissing.

PAUL JONES

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TUES. thru THURS. MAY 25-27	<i>Psycho</i> (1960) Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles	&	<i>The Birds</i> (1963) Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren
FRI. thru MON. MAY 28-31	<i>Rebecca</i> (1940) Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine	&	<i>Notorious</i> (1946) Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant, Claude Rains, Louis Calhern
TUES. & WED. JUNE 1-2	<i>Strangers on a Train</i> (1951) Farley Granger, Ruth Roman, Robert Walker	&	<i>Jamaica Inn</i> (1939) Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara
THURS. thru SAT. JUNE 3-5	<i>Spellbound</i> (1945) Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Rhonda Fleming	&	<i>Suspicion</i> (1941) Gary Grant, Joan Fontaine, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce
SUN. & MON. JUNE 6-7	<i>I Confess</i> (1952) Montgomery Clift, Ann Baxter, Karl Malden, Brian Aherne	&	<i>The Wrong Man</i> (1957) Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, Anthony Quayle
TUES. & WED. JUNE 8-9	<i>The Paradine Case</i> (1947) Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Anne Todd, Ethel Barrymore	&	<i>Mr. and Mrs. Smith</i> (1941) Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond
THURS. thru SUN. JUNE 10-13	<i>Foreign Correspondent</i> (1940) Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, George Sanders	&	<i>Saboteur</i> (1942) Robert Cummings, Priscilla Lane, Otto Krueger
MON. thru WED. JUNE 14-16	<i>Torn Curtain</i> (1966) Paul Newman, Julie Andrews	&	<i>Marnie</i> (1964) Sean Connery, Tippi Hedren

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COUNTER-

19

I was only a wee bit dissatisfied in the second Beaver and Krause album, GANDHARVA (Warner Brothers WB1909). I guess I just expected it to be the best album of 1971, to go along with that classic for 1970, IN A WILD SANCTUARY. There are superlative moments on this album- some of them: an a cappella performance by Patrice Holloway that is remarkably precise--some very fine brass work from Bud Shank and Gerry Mulligan (where has he been ?) --and an all too brief re-working of a mood piece from the film "Performance", "Nine Moons in Alaska", which I would love to see developed into a whole side some day. Not organically together like that first beautiful album, this is nevertheless very much worth getting into.

I really respect Jimmy Webb's newest album SO:ON . It is a big improvement from his first Reprise effort. Maybe it's wrong to categorize him, but I feel Webb captures the moods of love and loneliness better than anyone else I can think of. On this album, his ever-more controlled and earthy tenor gives life to ballads like "Met Her On A Plane", "All My Love's Laughter", "See You Then" and others. For the most part, the songs are built around Webb's flowing piano chording, a ripple of notes smoothing and smothering emotions with gentility and pathos. The one exception, "Lasplash", a dramatic little song, finishes with, for me, a very powerful building of instruments and gut vocal--wordless but sensational. I am very happy when I listen to this album.

Lamb's CROSS BETWEEN (Warner Brothers WS 1920) is one of the most unique albums I have run into in some time. I am totally at a loss to be able to make even one comparison. Essentially, Lamb is Barbara Mauritz and Bob Swanson, and they create one of the most fascinating, original sounds I have had the pleasure to hear. It's sort of minor folk opera, not a grand stylishness, but a very ingratiating simplicity. The themes deal with basic search and discovery that is elemental to human nature. There are all sorts of instruments floating in and out of the album, and I guess all I can really say is that I find this a minor masterpiece (I've been waiting to use that one for a long time) and I also find Barbara Mauritz one of the most interesting and strange vocalists currently working. If I had a radio show, you'd be hearing a lot of Lamb.

I think that PAPA NEBO (Atlantic SD 8280) is the kind of band that I could walk in on on a rainy day in a strange town, listen to for five minutes, and they would not only make me feel good, but at home. At times, they produce almost elegiac moods ("Smooth Pat") and at other times, almost start you giggling with music that perfectly captures the title of a song (as in the superb instrumental "On The Bus To Meet Branden: But He Wasn't There"). There is a simplicity to the band, a straight-forwardness--and a grateful integration of a funky fiddler (Ann Leathers), sax-flute-clarinet (Bob Mintzer) and even a harpsichord (Sal Costanzo), as well as the standard instruments. The sound might be described as communal-country music. One of the most enjoyable albums I've run into.

I think one of the cheatingest but most honest things I could do in trying to review Gosse Creek Symphony's second album WELCOME TO GOOSE GREEK (Capitol ST-690) would be to rip off descriptions of Goose Creek Country and apply them to the music, "a restful place with the buzz of crickets not far removed... the cry of the heart... peace-filled and gentle...". This is a pure type of country music (again I rip off the cover): "good-feeling music... songs of the lover of nature... of the man and child who has not yet forgotten the world out of which the soul came... music that reflects the freedom, the joy, the sadness, the fullness of experience... stretching the confines of dreams... singing us back home." That Goose Creek and you should certainly stop on by and pay them a visit. Their world is all inside that album.

John Denver's latest, POEMS, PRAYERS & PROMISES (RCA LSP-4499) is a primarily soft album of many beautiful moments. Denver has one of the best tenors in the business, and a truly professional sense of how to use it. The best moments on this album range from the title cut, his own ballad (written for Frank Sinatra) "My Sweet Lady", McCartney's brief "Junk", the elegiac "Sunshine on My Shoulders" and his collaboration with Washington's own Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert (Fat City), "Take Me Home, Country Roads". Also on the album, one of the rare entirely acoustic versions of "Fire and Rain". Very well done, too, Denver is a gentle song-writer, a sensitive poet who can set down the most simple nuances of our weaknesses and hopes I wish he would stay and really pursue this particular style of writing, because he does it very well. A most pleasant album.

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS (Atco SD-33-354) features some gut vocals and some very driving instrumentals. To begin with, the nicknames of the six people in the band are Dandy, Ricochet, Squeezebox, Goober, Dirty and Burley. Snowwhite would most likely have been very uncomfortable here. Dandy is Jim Magnum who sings lead as though a family of bullfrogs was arguing with a herd of buffalo--in his throat; very guttural. Stan Knight and Harvey Jett handle the lead guitar chores with the same type of kinship as Eric Clapton and Duane Allman--empathy abounds. Most playable cuts are "Uncle Lijah" and "Memories at the Window", with "Hot and Nasty" being a perfect vehicle for Magnum's raunchy vocals. When he says it, you believe it. Another of the bands I'd like to see live.

The highlights of Country Joe McDonald's latest solo album HOLD ON IT'S COMING (Vanguard VSD-79314) are probably the least topical of his songs. There are "heavy songs", like "Playing With Fire", "Mr. Big Pig" and "Air Algiers". But the best moments occur with the other songs, soft and sad love songs like "Only Love Is Worth This Pain" and "Travelling"-- the visionary "Balancing on the Edge of Time" (which is very simply structured, but creates a gentle mystic mood). Those three songs are very subdued; the upbeat music comes from two separate cuts from which the album gets its title. The song itself is in the C, S, N & Y tradition of "Ohio"-- perhaps a little more enticing in its melody. It would make a good single if it could get airplay, but its lyrics are very strange. A mixed album, with the best moments also being the softest moments

NEW YORK CITY (YOU'RE A WOMAN) (Columbia C30506). Al Kooper has finally made the album that everybody has been waiting for who believe him to be one of rock's most talented individuals. Surrounding himself with friends and neighbors (some of whom he has helped make into stars) and choosing material from both his own wide catalog and that of others such as Elton John-Bernie Taupin and Eugene McDaniels, Kooper has created an album that has much of the same spirit and polish as the first B, S & T album (which he so skillfully guided). The most serviceable cut is a very funky melody of "OooWee Baby, I Love You" and "Love Is Man's Best Friend". Of his own compositions, "Going Quietly Mad" and "Back On My Feet" particularly stand out. A very fine album by someone who's been one of the major voices in the development of our music.

DEATH WALKS BEHIND YOU (Elektra EKS-74094) by Atomic Rooster is another fine American debut by an already well-established British band. Now a solid trio, Rooster's main focal points are the strong lead vocals and guitar work of John Cann and the varied keyboard work of Vincent Crane. In some ways I am reminded of early Keith Emerson-Nice sounds, but there is less intellectualism and more soul to this music. Cann and Crane write all the material, from the raunchy instrumental "Vug" to the somber little song that constitutes the title of the album, to the flowing "Nobody Else". Crane provides solid bass-work through his feet. For the most part the music is driving, with the exception of the modernistic final cut, "Gershtatzer", which has a nice moment particularly if you're head is between two speakers or under a set of headphones.

THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS (A&M SP 4295) is their 3d LP and their best. It is mostly mellow, in both content and execution. Starting with a Merle Haggard classic, "White Line Fever" and moving into Rick Roberts' mournful "Colorado", we are surrounded by songs of people losing love, having to always be "moving on", the weary life of musicians and other travelers. This is the first album since Roberts joined the group, and his influence is strongly felt (he wrote three songs and co-authored four more with Chris Hillman). A very well-produced album, this is a very subdued set for a group that usually rocks people awake. But it is a very solid album, very pleasing, full of good songs well performed. Among the better cuts--"Why Are You Crying", "Tried So Hard" and "Can't You Hear Me Calling".

TITUS GROAN (Janus JLS-3024) makes a strong American debut LP. This British quartet presents elements of other bands fused into a unique sound. Tony Priestland, with his saxes-flute-and-oboe, fills an Ian Anderson-ish role, working off the steady guitar work and piano of Stuart Cowell. There is a very British quality to the vocals, something I always notice with each new British group that gets released here. To my mind the best work on this album is the longish "It Wasn't For You" which covers most of the first side and allows much instrumental stretching out.

Another very fine album just fell into my ears. PEACEFUL CHILDREN (ABC-Dunhill DS50104) by The Road Home. It is more than just very good music, it is a spirit and a philosophy that comes through, a profound faith and love of mankind. This goodness comes through in the following lyrics from "Restitution": "We are gathered here/together/sound of mind and sound of body/free at last my friends, free to begin again/With no ties to any nation and a new signed proclamation/we are the morning sun, shining for everyone/set your eyes on newfound freedom/let the voice of love be heard/ we have come here truly brothers/let us leave and spread the word." The music throughout the album is a fine mixture of the James Gang and several other styles, with very good group singing and leads. I'm glad to have this album.

After a sad experience with hype before they were really ready, Brinsley Schwartz has released a beautiful little album titled, appropriately, DESPITE IT ALL (Capitol ST-744). It's hard to believe the group is British, so smoothly have the assimilated country sounds become a part of their music. Only their sound is much more intense than the Band, and closer to a group like Little Feat. Most of the songs are written by bassist-guitarist Nick Lowe, and for the most part they deal with love-- sometimes happy, sometimes sad--"Just like tomorrow/we were divided/ you on your side/and me on mine/ Lovely lady/of the wildwind/may our branches/ still intertwine." "Country Girl", I felt, is a prelude to what the Claude Jones album will someday sound like. Other good cuts among this excellent album include "Love Song" and "Old Jarrow". A fine album to pick up on.

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CHRIS MCGREGOR'S BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH (RCA Neon NE2) is RCA's British label's first release in this country. McGregor's band is one of those British jazz-oriented bands, of which Manfred Mann's Chapter 3 is the leading exponent. McGregor's band lies closer to Afro-jazz than to jazz-rock, but the music is certainly exciting, particularly the alto work of Duda Pukwana, who creates some of the most exciting and original solo work on current waxings. This is not a big band, but it is certainly a big sound, a sound that is apparently making big impressions all over England, and, given some generous airplay here, should make some waves in the good old USA as well.

A definitely weird album is out called THE WORLD:ORIGINAL CAST, STARRING HOWDY DOODY (Leslee/Pip 6808). It is strange because the album consists of cross-cutting between excerpts from the Howdy Doody show and cuts from the radio history of the day---thus you have Buffalo Bob rapping about spanking/cut to/a roundtable discussion-talk on atomic energy, the A-bomb, etc. There are a lot of famous voices and famous events, all occurring between the years 1948-1960, and it is interesting to hear the anti-communist ravings of those years, and to observe some of the ironies, since we know how things finally did turn out. The album is obviously trying to make a point, but it escapes me. Definitely a strange album, and it's weird listening to those kids. I wonder where they are today.

MARK/ALMOND (Blue Thumb BTs-8827) is a lovely throwback album--a throwback to the late 60's spirit of cool jazz. At least that's part of it's spirit. Johnny Almond is a respected name within both jazz and rock circles and the teaming of his control of various saxes, flutes and vibes with Jon Mark's guitar, Tommy Eyre's keyboard and Rodger Sutton's bass has left an evocative and lovely album. There are many moods that flow through the album--bossa nova, cool jazz, folk rock (this last is also the least noticeable). Two songs, "The City" and "Love" are long cuts structured in definite movements, like mini-symphonies. I am reminded of the Paul Winter Consort, though this album is much more easy-going and loose. Top-ratings for this one.

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A note about the Alexandria Folklore Center: it is closing, may even be closed at the time this paper is published. There were many problems, mainly high overhead and too little business, which is really sad, because there weren't many places like the Folklore Center, both for musicians looking for fine instruments to buy, sell or repair, or for lovers of our various folk musics to find camaraderie and often good music. It's actually not as fatal as it may sound. There will soon be a home-oriented, unofficial Folklore Center, for the owners want to continue to repair and sell used guitars, since to leave the game entirely would be both absurd and sad for the community. So keep your eyes open and your ears perked, because soon you'll be hearing from those good people again.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

The last few weeks have been good to the Cellar Door, particularly in terms of second acts, and even more peculiarly, in terms of local second acts.

Putting someone like Emmie Lou Harris on a bill with Herbie Mann may seem a little like chasing whiskey with gin (I'm not quite sure what that means, so I hasten to assure everyone that it probably really means nothing more than my curiosity was aroused by the strange billing, ahem!). Now, it would be easy for a sensitive poetess like Emmie Lou to get lost in the amplified excesses of Mann's current musical phase, but it stands as at least a partial testimony to her tenacity that Emmie Lou did much more than hold her own with this predominantly jazz-oriented audience. Simply, she enthralled them, showering them with that charisma that so few have and even fewer know what to do with. Emmie Lou Harris has been around, paying the almost traditional dues of the real singer. Her gig at the Cellar Door was the latest in a series of appearances for this hard worker, who so obviously enjoys singing. She's had a less-than-happy experience with making a record (out on Jubilee but almost impossible to find). The record is both good and bad; it seems that some of the songs were done to be safer commercially, but enough of the crystalline voice and forceful presence come through the record (actually I heard a tape, if it makes any difference) to give almost anyone the jolt that says in some future time, "Hey, that was nice. I'd like to hear her sometime. Man, that's nice, etc...". Emmie Lou Harris sings of good people and good places and experiences-- sort of the chronicler of her own happinesses, and a fore-shadower of our own happy possibilities. A lot of musicians, who are usually the hardest critics of all, keep talking about Emmie Lou Harris. They can obviously spot quality among their own. Luckily, she has found a home of sorts at a good little club called Tammany Hall, which is right next to the Circle Theaters at 21st and Pennsylvania, Northwest. She'll be there nightly for the next four weeks (you might check there to make sure) and you should certainly make the trip down there. By the way, from what I have been hearing, Tammany Hall has been trying to give a home to many of our starving musicians (and there are lots of them in Washington's environment), and it is allowing a good many potential acts get their stuff together through the only way that makes a difference-- before a live audience. That's a pretty good idea, so maybe some people might reciprocate the idea of support. You know what I mean?

Currently at the Cellar Door, one finds John Denver and Fat City. Now, John Denver is one of those people that I had a mistaken opinion of. Like John Hartford, I had this mental image of Glen Campbell or some such dastardly level of music. Anyways, as with Hartford, I'm glad to discover that I am wrong. I guess I had never really listened to him before, certainly never live. I was aware of some of his songs ("Leaving On A Jet Plane", "Follow Me"), but what I was less aware of was the very professional quality of the man. Professionalism--it's something that I sometimes feel I am seeing less and less of. The art of putting on a good show is one of the hardest to master. Denver has mastered it well. Packing in an audience on a Monday night (for both shows) is some indication of the large appeal that he has. From seeing him live, and listening to his latest album (reviewed elsewhere) I now have a very good impression of him, with slight reservations. His voice, to start at a peak, is superb. It is more than tenor, it is timber. It can stand strong or recede, like a hairline, till it is barely audible (any puns or unnatural metaphors subject to the late hour of writing, no rights reserved). And the voice then merely supports the strongest points of the show, his songs of love, his paens to the best in human nature (the title song of his album, "Poems, Promises & Prayers") and his acute sense of humor. One always gets the impression that this man is being entertained as much as he is entertaining.

It is a particularly mellow week, this particular week, because the billing fits in two of Denver's friends, and two of Washington's favorite people, Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert, known officially and belovedly as Fat City. In returning to their duo-form, Fat City has grown, rather than shrunk. They have grown back into the limelight of their own material, which many people think is among the best being written anywhere right now. Lovers of a kind one rarely sees on stage, they are such a positive force (no illusions of feelings and interrelationships here) that I have only seen the dearest of audiences be able to get them down. Because the audiences have been so good this week, they are playing up to the excellent potential that they almost always exhibit anyways. I hesitate to label their style of music; it is much more than folk, and much less dangerous than "pop". Pop? Pop? ah... Good music, that's the easiest answer. There are two new songs working their way into the act, which I hear will perhaps cause an occasional severe reaction. One new song about old China and poetry and myths and the most basic qualities of humankind is particularly beautiful: utterly simple in structure, and absolutely spellbinding in mood.

I imagine there still might be some seats left this week, so if you want to spend an evening being surrounded by people who are having almost as good a time as you've always wished you could have, then go ahead and have that time at the Door this week. It reeks of entertainment.

richard harrington

Gallery - Merrill Greene

My first impression of Linda Plotkin's paintings and prints was one of familiarity, a surprising sensation as I had encountered neither her name nor her work before. Reaching into my visual memory bank attempting to pin-point an association, the name Carol Summers emerged. That was half the equation but still something was missing. Mrs. Haslem mentioned that the artist was Harold Altman's wife... click! the name was plugged in and the equation was complete---or was it?

A brief biography of Linda Plotkin verified my guesses. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1938, the artist received her B.A. at the University of Wisconsin (1961) where she studied under Harold Altman to whom she married shortly thereafter. In 1962 she earned her M.F.A. at Pratt Institute and went on to teach in the Department of Art at Penn State (1962-64 and again in 1971). Now living in a large farmhouse just outside of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Altman work. One of their closest friends is Carol Summers; frequently working in each others studios they trade opinion, techniques, and attitudes.

Strangely enough, Harold Altman and Carol Summers exhibited simultaneously during March in Washington at the Jane Haslem Gallery and the Fendrick, respectively. Both shows were beautiful in their own right. Both artists had developed their styles independently, while a firm artistic base for friendship must have been their enchantment with nature. Their work is complementary: Carol's colors are cosmic, his shapes, terrestrial; Harold's Altman's pigments come straight from the earth while his subjects appear to be veiled in a hazy, atmospheric light.

Although comparisons are generally odious, for anyone who is familiar with Summers and Altman, comparison is inevitable. Linda Plotkin is an eclectic artist in the dictionary sense of the word i. e. choosing what appears to be the best from diverse sources, systems, or styles. Her sources are apparent: much of the subject matter is borrowed directly from Summers' graphics with little variation. She has most effectively combined his brilliant, pure hues with the earthy tones and impressionistic treatment of objects in Altman's paintings. Linda has followed the path of her husband-painter by adopting his optical distortions i. e. elongating objects and obscuring the non-essential details, and his paint-laden, sweeping brush strokes. The question is what determines the point (if, indeed, there is such a point) where eclecticism gives way to imitation?

There are variations, personal additions to her work. At the present they do not balance her borrowing tendencies but they do show a bold hand and a discerning eye. Again a question as to how much of her borrowing is intentional and how much is unconsciously done? She is young and should still be experimenting with various means of expression and technique. To be in a situation which offers relatively little stylistic diversity in a period of creative pliability could be unnecessarily limiting if she is not aware of the scope and degree of influence.

Her latest paintings are bolder, more confident. The colors are rich, composition strong and simple with occasional off-beat touches. The brush strokes are not as diverse in their application as Altman's but they are dense and still spontaneous. By painting a dark, mat-like border with ragged edges around the canvas, she makes a strong visual statement about the space between the painting and the viewer.

The total artistic impact of her work, regardless of its eclecticism, is striking. The whole acts as a gentle call from Mother Earth to her wandering children.

Linda Plotkin's graphics have been conceived in a totally different light. They are open and sketchy, like a child's crayon drawing. Some of the prints are multicolored but the hues are subdued. The black and white prints are more dynamic; massive shapes are contrasted with smaller objects and expanses of wide-open road invite the viewer inside. The effect is pleasant, occasionally impressive but not nearly so exciting as the potential evident in her paintings.

The artist had exhibited internationally in over sixty shows, won numerous awards, and is represented 'en masse' in the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and the University of Southern Illinois. After five years she has returned to exhibit in Washington at the Jane Haslem Gallery.

Go to see the exhibit: it is the best of three worlds and the budding of one.

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Book Bag

DROP CITY by Peter Rabbit, The Olympia Press, 1971, 162pp., \$1.50, paper.

Peter Rabbit doesn't live at Drop City anymore. Other people do; but, he lives in Libre, a commune started by Drop City dropouts some distance from the first commune. Both are located in southern Colorado. Rabbit was one of the founders of Drop City. He left, according to his own account, because he didn't trust cosmic forces to provide for the commune, but looked instead to media publicity for bread. His hustling of the media resulted in the descent of hordes on Drop City, and the falling apart of a commune which had up til then been pretty much together.

Together enough to erect several geodesic domes of the type Buckminster Fuller says are the most ideal structure. The book has several photographs of the domes and their inhabitants. Despite the ease and cheapness of building, nobody had tried out Fuller's idea until Luke Cool, a designer and builder of modular structures in Albuquerque, built a dome made out of cartops at Drop City. The cost of the 27 foot by 14 foot dome was about \$15, and that, Rabbit says was mostly for sheet metal screws.

The most remarkable quality about Rabbit's narration of the growth of Drop City is his ability to write about the most fantastic goings-on in an unaffected, matter-of-fact way. For example: "Luke brought three people with him to help put the Cartop dome up. It took the Droppers and Luke's crew two and a half days to put in the foundation and get the entire dome up. Clard and Lard put in a floor and some windows. One was a broken plate glass masterpiece from Jennie's Lounge in Trinidad; it had a funky Hawaiian jula chick painted on it. Next was a potbelly stove, and then they moved in. After we built the cartop we realized that everyone in the world can have a beautiful comfortable dwelling unit for less than \$1,000."

Rabbit has a way of dropping into accounts of other events, important facts about the commune. In an off-hand manner, he mentions things about Drop City which another writer might have blown up into whole chapters. For instance, he tells how the authorities were unable to pin a deer poaching charge on the Droppers because although they were able to find in the Droppers' closet a pair of shoes with distinctive treads, they couldn't figure out which Dropper had been wearing the shoes. Rabbit writes: "All the Droppers dressed out of one closet and there was no way in the world to determine who wore what when. Whoever got up first got the best threads; he who slept late got rags."

I wonder if any mention of this certainly noteworthy custom would have gotten in the book had it not been for the poaching incident. Probably. I think it is the writer's skill that makes the intentional appear casual.

The two parts I enjoyed most in this book were not directly about the commune. The events, a camping trip in the Rockies, and a college editors' conference in D. C. are on the opposite ends of the spectrum of experience from one another, whatever difference that makes.

The aura surrounding the story of the camping trip is poetic and mystical and loving. It is about dropping acid and sitting by a lake and speaking to the spirits within to make one's spirit one with the lake and with the deer---speaking to the spirit of the deer these words: "We are men/We are hungry/We want to eat meat./Brother deer, Sister deer/ Please come to this place and join us..."

In the middle of telling about this good trip, Rabbit's mind skips to a problem he and a girl named Poly Ester had had some time before with a hen that had lived in their tent before they moved in. They were living in the tent while their dome was being built. The hen could not be dissuaded from noisily laying an egg under their bed every morning at dawn. With all the anger something so stupid as a

chicken that can't learn to lay her eggs someplace else coming clearly across in the writing, Rabbit tells how he was driven to trying to kill the chicken. But the other Droppers wouldn't let him. After this venomous account, Rabbit takes us back to the peace of the mountains. He writes:

"We walked to the lake in the dawn mist, out boots and pant legs soaked by the dew on the grasses. We made our spirits one with the Lake and forest. We called for the deer to come. Hey little brother/ hey little sister/ this is a good day to die/ Come join us."

Again, the juxtaposition of the hen hassle seems out of place, but intentional or not, it works beautifully in a thematic sense by giving us a contrast between Rabbit's wanting to kill the hen out of anger and for no real purpose and his wanting to kill the deer with love, and only out of necessity.

I went go into the story about the college editors' conference in D. C. a couple years ago, except to say that it involves Jerry and Abbie and Paul and "Bucky" and Mike Crossman and the whole gang. You can read for yourself Rabbit's account of how the Droppers got involved in freaking out the editors.

There's a tradition in reviewing that the last sentence is supposed to zap the reader, but the hell with it. I've said all I want. Write your own last sentence.

Judy Willis

SMALL PRESS REVIEW

AUDIENCE (Hill Publishing Company, Inc. Boston Mass) is to be published six times a year at \$4.95 a copy. A year's subscription costs only \$24.00. Still interested? Well, after seeing it, I'm not. You do get glossy paper, arty layout, hard covers, and an editorial staff of culture heroes (Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavettes, Charles Eames, Phillip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Cordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, and John A. Williams) but after you're over the ego trip of beholding yourself in such illustrious company, you realize that the "magazine that's a book" is really a prop for interior decorators.

I must admit that the handwriting was on the wall when the advertisements came. Obviously, I was on one of those exclusive mailing lists. Snob enough to send for my trial copy, I soon found that the folks at Hill Pub. had me outsnobbed by light-years. What they have done I believe, is dress up the newspaper Sunday supplement in an imperishable garment that one is almost afraid to touch. Content is a mixed bag of "personality" stories, excerpts from new or forthcoming books (doubtless book club selections) art portfolios, and some poetry and short fiction. The quality of the features in Audience is not really bad. And the contributors are important people. However, the promise of excellence is far from being fulfilled.

I sent my trial copy back and tried to forget the embarrassment of being taken in. Unfortunately, they haven't yet struck my name off the list so when the second issue came I thought I'd come clean and tell you about it before sending it back too. There is nothing in it worth saving. Bind your **WOODWINDS** ads and all and you'll be way ahead of the game.

A modest but potentially significant start had been made to bring together the artist and the community in **THE ART SCENE** (Box 88, McLean, Va. 22101). This new quarterly, edited by Beverly Conolly, stresses features on local artists, lengthy pieces on exhibits in the public and private galleries around Wash. and tips on collecting and preserving artworks. Our town is becoming a vital center of artistic activity and **THE ART SCENE** seems likely to become a valuable chronicle of that activity. Black and white photos accompany most articles. Contributions to be considered for publication in **THE ARTS SCENE** are welcome. Subscription rates are \$3.00 for one year and \$5.00 for two years.

Philip K. Jason

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CALENDAR

(Note: For more information about any of these listings, call Switchboard at 387-5800)

TUESDAY-MAY 25

- 8:00-"Big Boy" Crudup-New Thing Jazz Workshop-St. Margarets-Conn. Ave. & Bancroft Sts. - \$1.00/50¢ for kids- for more info call 332-4500.
- 8:30/10:30- John Denver & Fat City at the Cellar Door.
- 8:00-"Abbey Road"- Rock Ballet with Beatles themes with Tom Stovall and Kathy Dandois-Marvin Theatre, 21st St. & H, GWU Campus, \$4.00 advance; call 333-2400 for more info.
- 8:00-AFI Film Series: "Libeled Lady" with Jeanne Harlow and Spencer Tracy, AFI 429 L'Enfant Plaza-call 554-1000.
- 8:30-Mose Allison (blues)- Mr. Henry's Upstairs-601 Penn. Ave. S.E.
- 8:00- Free Clinic Meetings
 - Free Course in First Aid
 - Gay Rap Group
 - Volunteer Staff Commitments-open
 - New Format for Tuesday nights
- 8:00-Gay Liberation Front Meeting, St. Mark Church-3rd & A Sts. SE
- 8:30-Lecture: William Beers-(retired USIA employee) speaks on "Common Cause, The People's Lobby"-Potters House, 1658 Columbia Road.

WEDNESDAY-MAY 26

- 8:30/10:30-John Denver & Fat City-Cellar Door.
- 9:00-Mae West Festival; I'm No Angel-Grace Church, Georgetown, Benefit Berrigan Defense Fund.
- 8:00-"Abbey Road"-see May 25 listing
- 8:00-AFI Film Series; "Ecstasy" with Hedy Lamarr
- 5:00-Free Clinic Meeting
 - organizing medical screening teams

THURSDAY-MAY 27

- 8:30-John Denver & Fat City at Cellar Door
- 8:00-Open Rap Groups-Free Clinic
- 8:00-"Abbey Road"-see May 25 listing
- 8:00-AFI Film Series-"A Fool Was There" with Theda Bara, also "Prix de Beaux"
- 8:30-Jesus Christ-Super Star-Diadem Restaurant- Gaithersburg- for more info call 948-3211
- 8:00-Underground Flicks: "Relativity" by Ed Emschwiller & "Moon '69" by Scott Bartlett; Corcoran Auditorium
- 4:00-8:00-Food Co-op- Grace Church, 1041 Wisc. Ave. NW.
- 6:00-9:00- Food Co-op-Newman Center, Maryland University, College Park.
- 8:30-1- Free Food at the Agape Coffeehouse

FRIDAY-MAY 28

- 8:30-John Denver & Fat City-Cellar Door
- 8:30-Crank at Emergency, 2813 M St. NW Georgetown, \$1.50 admission.
- 8:00-Open Rap Groups at the Free Clinic
- 7:00-DMZ Coffee house-918 9th St. NW
- 8:00-"Abbey Road"- see May 25 listing
- 8:30-Susannah-a folk opera-Constitution Hall-free-donations accepted.
- 8:00-AFI Film Series: "Mata Hari" with Jeanne Moreau
- 8:30-Jesus Christ-Super Star- see May 27 listing
- 7:00-9:00-Weekend Film Series: "Downhill Racer"- Maryland U Student Union 50¢
- 4:00-8:00-Food Co-op, St. Stephen's Church 16th & Newton Sts, NW, Georgetown U White Gravenoe Building.

Coffee Houses:

- Iguana-Thomas Circle-Luther Place Memorial Church
- The Gate-across from the Cellar Door on M Garrish Grape-15 N Washington Street, Rockville.
- Pipe Line-National Cathedral- Mass. & Wisc.

SATURDAY-MAY 29

- 8:15-11:15-A Salty Dog + Wooden Nickel-Falls Church Community Center- 223 Little Falls St. -\$2.00 admiss.
- 8:30-John Denver & Fat City at Cellar Door
- 8:30-Crank-Emergency-\$1.50.
- 8:00-AFI Film Series, "The Scarlet Empress" with Marlene Dietrich.
- 8:00-12:00-WAFU Coffee House-1041 Wisc.
- 8:00-"Abbey Road"-see May 25 listing
- 8:30-Jesus Christ-Super Star-see May 27 listing.
- 7:00-Weekend Film Series: "Downhill Racer"
- All Day Recycle your garbage-4865 MacArthur Boulevard, Safeway Parking Lot.

SUNDAY, MAY 30

- ALL DAY- Street Gallery (at 1720 Conn. Ave.) Bring your arts and crafts to sell and/or display
- 2:00 matinee of "Abbey Road"(see 25th)
- 2 to 7- GROK Concert at the P Street Beach Free! (call Switchboard for listing of bands)
- 7 & 9- Weekend Film Series, "Downhill Racer", Maryland U., only 50¢
- 8:00- "Abbey Road", (see 25th)
- 8:00- AFI Film Series: Marilyn Monroe in "Let's Make Love", with Yves Montand
- 8:00-Gospel Music Hour-St. Mark's- 3d & A Streets, SE Free food
- BENEFIT AT EMERGENCY-doors open at 6:30, CRANK & ITCHY BROTHER, \$2

MONDAY, MAY 31

- Deadline- WAFU course proposals due
- 2-5- Ballet and Modern Dance Program, Sylvam Theatre (Switchboard for information)
- 7:30- Free Clinic- Board of Directors Meeting- open to the community-

TUESDAY, JUNE 1

- 8:00- AFI Film Series- "Call Her Savage", with that fabulous flapper, Clara Bow
- 8:00-Gay rap group- Free Clinic
- 8:30-Anthony Newley (of "Stop the World "and "Greasepaint" fame) and Buddy Hackett; Shady Grove Music Fair, info call 926-2100
- 8:30- Kate Taylor & Jonathan Edwards at the Cellar Door

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2

- 8:00-AFI Film Series-"The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" with Barbara Stanwick & Kirk Douglas
- 8:30-Cellar Door (see June 1)
- 9:00- Mae West Festival-"Go West, Young Man"- Grace Church, Georgetown

THURSDAY, JUNE 3

- 4-9.. Food Co-Op(see May 27)
- 8:00- Open gay rap, other raps, at the Free Clinic
- 8:30- Cellar Door (see June 1)
- 8:30- Free food at the Agape Coffeehouse
- 8:30-"Jesus Christ, Superstar"(see May 27)

FRIDAY, JUNE 4

- 8:00-Open raps, Free clinic
- 8:00- Coffeehouses (see May 28)
- 4/ 9 - Food Co-Op (see May 28)
- 8:30-Cellar Door (see June 1)
- 8:30-"Jesus Christ"(see May 27)
- 8:30- ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL, at Emergency, \$1.50

SATURDAY, JUNE 5

- 8:00 WAFU Coffeehouse at Grace Church, 1041 Wisconsin Avenue
- 8:30 Cellar Door(see June 1)
- 8:30-"Jesus Christ"(see May 27)
- 8:30-ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL, at Emergency \$1.50
- ALL DAY- Recycle your trash and garbage at the recycling Center, 4865 McArthur Blvd.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

- During the day-Street Gallery(see May 30)
- 2:00- GROK Concert at P Street Beach (call Switchboard for further info)
- 8:00-Gospel Music Hour- St. Mark's Church, 3d & A Street, SE
- 8:30-"Jesus Christ"(see May 27)

Galleries:

- 10-5:30-Museum of Natural History-12th & Constitution NW, "Faces and Voices of D. C. Elementary School Children"
- 9-4:30-Young Photographer Workshop (New Thing) Exhibit, "Our Community" Lincoln Jr. High, 16th & Irving
- 3-7:00-ARGEL- 1843 S Street, "Cuna Indian Art Exhibit"
- 5:30-9:30-Dupont Art Gallery-21st & P, "Paintings"by Ray Winston
- 6:00-9:00-Gallery of African Art-1621 21st Street, "Graphics from Life"-woodcuts by Nigerian Artists.
- 11:00-3:00-Icon Gallery-1237 22nd St. Social Documentary Photographs by Earl Dotter.
- 10-6:00-Henri Gallery- 21st & P-"Cow Chunks and Car Chunks" by John Balsey
- 10:00-6:00- Anacostia Neighborhood Museum 2405 Nichols Ave., SE - "Third Annual Art Exhibit"

Coming Performances

May

- 24-30 1. John Denver
- 2. Fat City

May 31-

- June 5 1. Kate Taylor
- 2. Jonathan Edwards

- 7-12 1. Dick Gregory
- 2. Donal Leace

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